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NAVAL SKETCH BOOK:

OR, THE

SERVICE

AFLOAT AND ASHORE;

WITH

CHARACTERISTIC REMINISCENCES, FRAGMENTS,

AND OPINIONS.

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a

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TALES OF A TAR."

SECOND SERIES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR WHITTAKER & CO.
AVE MARIA LANE.

1834.

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THE CHASE.

"You see this chase is hotly followed."

Henry the Fifth.

THE CHASE.

CHAPTER I.

"Use thou all the endeavour of a man."
Merchant of Venice.

"TAKE pains, my lads,—take pains—turn 'em close in—and see that all your throat-seizings are properly passed."

This caution, delivered in a kindly tone, fell from the lips of Mister John Thomas Tobias Tarbucket, who is thus early intro-

duced to the reader as *Premier* (to use the present fashionable phrase) of His Majesty's Ship S——, located "per log,"

AT SINGLE ANCHOR IN FUNCHAL ROADS.

The said *Premier* deserved to be emphatically styled a "character;" his person, of aldermanic mould, presented a proud contrast to Shakspeare's "lean and slipper'd pantaloon." At the moment now alluded to, his countenance seemed full of thought: his attitude was fixed and motionless: his broad chest and folded arms were supported by the capstern-head—his half-bent and separated knees pressing the nether whelps[1]; while his small, sunken, scrutinizing eye darted "low and aloft" alternate glances, detecting with quick accuracy the minutest defects afloat. Nor did he seem insensible of his proud position—for he had long styled him-

[1] The uninitiated are not to imagine that there is any consanguinity between the "*whelps* of the capstern," and the "*hounds* of the mast."

self "*Executive-Chief of Ocean's-Pride;*"—and certainly that encomium was not to be refused to the frigate.—When sitting for her picture she was 'past compare;' but at the present period her attire was rather ruffled, and consequently she was not exactly suited to the study of the painter. But as

"Beauty unadorned 's adorned the most,"

let us sketch her even as she is.

Her long, low hull, rising forward in a graduated line—her light quarter—her sloping stern—her beautifully rounded bow, swelling from the surface, and gradually receding in the rise—together with her graceful sit upon the water, would almost warrant the "soft impeachment," that in the conception of her symmetrical mould, Art had borrowed beauties from Nature, and taken from the female form "its fair proportions:"—in short, in plain English, she swam the handsomest frigate afloat, and was the fastest sailer in His Majesty's service.

The crew of the S—— (tars of the first-water, with long, thick, Trafalgarian tails, doubled-up in week-day working bights, as if willing to back their wearers against any odds in favor of fight,) was now busily employed in the execution of that nice and tedious task,—"fleeting fore-and-aft, the lower and topmast rigging."

The tops were thronged, the channels crowded —the stouter seamen seen striding across the well-stowed hammocks, hugging to their brawny breasts the huge dead-eye[2] as they bent the stubborn shroud around the unweildy wood.

The frigate had been cruizing, for more than a month, between the Azores and the Island of Madeira; and had but a very few hours taken up her anchorage in Funchal-Roads for the purpose of procuring fresh provisions; and as some keen observers had insinuated wine for the commander-in-chief.

[2] Dead-eye—a block with three holes in it, to receive the laniard of a shroud or stay.

The captain, Sir S. S., after leaving with the first-lieutenant the necessary orders "for refitting and getting ready for sea as soon as possible," indulged in that practice, so peculiar to people in power, of escaping from scenes of business and bustle, and partook himself to his six-oared gig, pulling direct for the fort.

The purser, who for some hours had preceded the captain in his trip, had already sent alongside the necessary supplies. Hardly had the boat been 'cleared' of its last vegetable bag,—the last bullock slung, (the huge animal, suspended by the horns, oscillating high in air with the rolling motion of the ship,)—ere the look-out man at the mast-head sung out—"a strange sail on the starboard beam!"

"Glass, youngster—glass—mount a-reevo and report her rig."

Running to the capstern and taking from its head the deck-dolland which rested on its stand,

and slinging it over his shoulder with a length of spun-yarn (for in those unsophisticated times, midshipmen were not wont to have buckled belts to secure their costly telescopes in their flight aloft), the lad appeared puzzled to gain the giddy height—for at this moment, the whole of the lower-rigging was adrift, and the '*ladies' ladders*,' rendered comparatively useless.—Perceiving the boy's hesitation the lieutenant hailed aloud—

"Main-top there!—overhaul down the royal-haliards for Mister Rivers—Not ashamed, youngster, to go aloft like a lady?—Take a month o' Sundays to crawl up the cast-off rigging!"

Whether this was the royal road to promotion, or whether the boy was not to be abashed by ascending like a lady, has not been yet decided; but aloft he flew, very unlike the 'young gentlemen' of the present day.

"Upon deck there!" screamed the lad from aloft.

"Hullo!" responded the hoarse lieutenant.

"She's a long, low, black-looking schooner, with raking masts—Ill *swear* Sir she's a reg'lar rogue," continued the excited boy, still holding the glass to his eye, whilst his arms supported his body between the horns of the top-mast cross-trees.

"The *devil* she is!—Hurrah my lads! reeve away—reeve quick—ready for'ard for staying the foremast?—bobstays-up?"

"All up, Sir," bellowed the boatswain.

"Be alive!—be alive, Mister Canister," cried the bustling Tarbucket, addressing the grey-headed gunner.—"Come, don't let 'em beat us abaft."

"Ready when *you* like, Sir.—Bowse away—starboard side first—the stay you know, Sir, has never been started—bowse, my sons—steady-pull—steady-drag—there she draws—bowse! bowse!—*another* pull! *turn* there.—There she is, Sir, as taut as a harp-string," concluded the gunner, at the same time shaking the thick

shroud, as if anxious to show his superior the tension attained.

"Hurrah! our side—come, master, up with the larboard swifter [3],—sweat him up—*that's* the pull."

"Look out for your laniard in time," interposed the master.

"Bowse, draw him down—bowse, my boys. Carpenter's-mate," continued Tarbucket, "look out for the mast—bowse! he's over to starboard *yet*."

"Hullo! — what's gone *now!*" suddenly roared the master—"I told ye to look-out in *time*—we sha'n't have a laniard *left*."

"Yes we will, Sir,—there's nothing *gone*, Sir," said one of the quarter-masters—"nothing more than the cat's-paw [4] slipped off the hook —there ye are, Sir. All ready again?—bowse! bowse!"—and so in quick succession was every lower and topmast-shroud set up,—the

[3] The foremast shroud is termed a Swifter.

[4] Cat's-paw—a twist made in the bight of a rope.

ship hove short, and ready to 'cast,[5]' only awaiting the captain's return.

Already had two of the 'steady young gentlemen' been despatched to seek Sir S., who was at length found riding with the British Consul on the hills which surround the deep gulf of the Curral,[6] leading to the garden-houses, and rural plantations in the land of the orange and vine. The youngster who bore the missive to his chief, appeared little to relish the narrow, rugged road to which his search had conducted him; for the valley below, obscured by vapour, looked dangerous and unfathomable, and the dread that his mule might topple over into such a giddy chasm, arrested the speed with which he at first set out, and forced him to the apparently insubordinate measure of hailing his captain, whom he descried at a little distance, on his way to the Consul's villa of the Jardine—a beau-

[5] Cast—to pay a ship's head off when heaving up the anchor, so as to bring the wind on the side required.

[6] Curral—a sheep-fold.

tiful spot overlooking that part of the coast in the immediate vicinity of Funchal.

"What's the matter, youngster?" inquired the captain, turning his horse back towards his summoner.

"Privateer in the offing, Sir!"

"Bless *my* soul!—and all the rigging adrift!"

"No, Sir,—it's all *up*—and every thing ready for——"

"*Weighing?*"

"Yes, Sir,—only waiting for you."

"Then we'll soon be-off. *Launch* in?"

"Yes, Sir, and ship at a short-stay."

"A *short stay* indeed," interposed the Consul, mistaking the professional report of the youngster.

"Bravo, Tarbucket!" exclaimed the captain; then muttering to himself, "I'm sure the poor fellow must have been right glad to have had me out of the way."

Though somewhat addicted to what sailors term "shore-going pleasure," Sir S. had no

objection to a little maritime amusement in the regular way of war.

In descending a ravine, his horse made a false step, and the captain was thrown with his right arm under him, which received so severe a contusion as to be wholly useless, and gave rise to a fear that his shoulder was dislocated. Intent, however, on reaching the ship, he heeded not his pain, and again mounting his horse, hurried onwards. But Fate seemed maliciously disposed, and not content with one infliction, determined on another. His horse, starting at some object in the road, curveted so suddenly, that he pitched his rider over his head. By this second disaster, Sir S. was alarmingly hurt.

Lame and bleeding, his right arm in a sling, his left leg severely crippled, his head bandaged with a black 'Bandana,' he at length reached the landing-place, supported by his trusty coxswain, who had already run to the aid of his maimed commander. Stretched in a reclining

posture in the stern-sheets of his gig, Sir S. was rowed from the beach, followed in the jolly-boat by the two 'young gentlemen' already mentioned.

The day was beautifully bright, but the breeze sufficiently fresh to retard the progress of both boats.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Tarbucket, unable to account for the maimed appearance of his captain, who, as the gig approached the ship, had partly raised his bleeding head—"I'll bet a guinea to a quarterly-bill, those rascally Portuguese have been trying to spit the skipper —d—d assassinating scoundrels!—Well—he *will* be so *fond* of foreigners.—Messenger, down to the doctor, desire him to get his traps and turniquets ready in the captain's cabin.—It's no *joke*, I know, by Johnson's face."

The coxswain's countenance certainly looked ominous and drear; and this was the more noticeable, inasmuch as his wonted aspect was

remarkable for its uniformly jolly, good-natured character; but at present it wore an anxious expression.

The surgeon and his *mate* (for in those endearing days of war and wisdom, the dignified title of '*assistant*,' had not been applied to that serviceable class of officers) were already in the cabin, preparing to receive their suffering commander.

"Never mind me," said Sir S., as with feeble and limping pace he descended the quarter-deck ladder, leading to his cabin.—"Never mind *me*, Tarbucket,—trip the anchor, and crack on her every thing low and aloft."

The last syllables of the sentence were barely audible.

The captain's intention had been anticipated —the anchor was rapidly weighed, and in a very few minutes the lofty frigate was seen under a crowd of canvas, 'close-hauled with a beautiful breeze.'

The position of the chase was that of all

others the most favourable to a flying foe—hull down in the wind's-eye of her distant pursuer.

"Bravo—bravo—that's the breeze!" ejaculated the delighted lieutenant, as he stood in his favourite position, eyeing aloft the complaining spars—"Come *in* they *must*—Topmen aloft, stand by to take in the royals."

Ascending with fearless foot the retautened rigging, the topmen had reached their elevated stand, awaiting the judicious movement and word on which depended the delicately-nice manœuvre.

"Luff, boy, luff—luff to the breeze.—Give her a bit of a nip—shake it out of 'em. Mind!—don't *start* the weather-sheets,"—roared the cautious Tarbucket.

"Ready, for'ard?"

"All ready, Sir."

"Ready, abaft?"

"All ready, Sir," re-echoed a shriller tone.

"In royals," thundered the first lieutenant, through his battered trumpet.

But as if reluctant to resign their lofty posts, the royals were not so easily to be taken in.

"Curse the kites!" exclaimed Tarbucket, not a little mortified at his precautionary measures failing in effect, and at the unseemly sight of the light and lofty canvas bagging to leeward, and wildly flapping in the wind—"There they *go*," he continued, "flying to the d—l. Well, well! patience is a virtue."

The royals at length reached their destiny on deck. And now in all his glory might be seen the 'stout gentleman,' pacing the sloping deck, puffing his bloated cheeks, and rubbing his delicate digits with all the enthusiasm of a delighted seaman.

"Come, thank Heaven, they're *in* at last.—We may now *do* something—A fellow's no chance with a clipper, with any thing over a double-reefed taupsle.—*Now*, she walks—that's the snuffler.—Well done, old girl—*there's* a lady—*she'll* do it—*do* it, ay, as sure's as Tom's Tom."

And now to deviate a little into the approved

superfine style of writers of romance, who, though thoroughly ignorant of nautical matters, love to luxuriate in salt-water scenes—the stately S—— in all her majesty of mien obliquely yielded to the blast—ploughing the agitated deep—throwing high in air the sparkling spray, and bursting beneath her bounding bow the briny billow in boiling foam. In the more intelligible language of Lieutenant Tarbucket, the ship was leaning over to leeward a couple of streaks—shipping green seas fore-and-aft, foaming at the bows, and tearing through it at the rate of ten knots an hour.

The supporters of the 'turf,' triumphantly assert that a horse-race is the most animating and exciting scene of which the mind of man can be susceptible; but there is a variety of causes incidental to a chase at sea beyond the comprehension of the patrons of the 'Course.' What know they of the veering wind—the fleeting flaw—the dying breeze—the coming calm—the dawning day—the sudden gust—the

sprung spar—the splitting sail—the increasing gale—the rising sea—the setting sun, and dreary night?

But it is not the present purpose to descant on the alternations of hope and fear, to which the pursuing and pursued are equally subject.

To proceed:—since the royals had been taken in, and subsequently another reef in the topsails, some three hours and a half had already elapsed. The 'idlers' in the gun-room had discussed their 'best-burned-pea'—vulgarly called coffee, —the merits of the chase, and the situation of their suffering captain.

The usual routine of mustering the ship's company at quarters, had been purposely dispensed with, and each individual of the 'watch below,' in his swinging dormitory, was partaking of 'horizontal rest' with the comfortable adjunct of a two-and-thirty pound shot by way of pillow.—The watch on deck, with the exception of a few necessary hands attending the

customary 'stand-by' ropes, were now seated in various parts of the waist,—congregating in groups between the main-deck guns,—holding colloquies on the chances of the chase; while the more speculative of the elder petty-officers, fathers of families, were seen looking through the ports, straining their eyes in their eager endeavours to catch a transitory glance of the schooner's low and lengthy hull as she rose on the summit of the undulating swell.

The executive officers were collected around the capstern interchanging opinions connected with the sailing of the ship; whilst the younger of the 'young gentlemen' were stealing up from the lee-side endeavouring to catch the indistinct murmurs of the master.

"In trim!—stuff, man, stuff!" cried Tarbucket, rejecting a suggestion of the second lieutenant; —"see how she carries her helm—a child might steer her. But you're just like others I could mention," throwing a significant glance

at the master, "never, *never* satisfied, unless you're doing *this* and undoing *that*.—When *will* you learn to leave well alone?"

At this moment a topping sea breaking over the weather gangway, and flying aft in a broad sheet of water, half-drenched the disputing party.

"Undo *that*, if you can!" said the master sneeringly.

"That's leaving well alone," cried Funnel, the second lieutenant.

"Never mind—cools the corns," said Tarbucket, throwing off his filled shoes, and beating his battered beaver against the breech of the neighbouring gun—"wouldn't give a straw for a fellow if he couldn't stand the soak of a little salt-water."

"Salt-water!—for my part," said the second lieutenant, "I've been just like a half-tide rock, —wet and dry the whole of the cruize."

"Well!—what worse are you for it?"

"None."

"Then hold your tongue," said Tarbucket,—

"this is no time for childish talk—Nothing off—luff, boy, luff. I say, master, have we a moon to-night?"

"We have—but you know she's *young*," returned the master, assuming a discouraging air of prophetic wisdom.

"That's like you—*like* you, Mister Soundings;—clean full, quarter-master—let her go through the water—I *hate* a croaker—Youngster, down and ask the doctor how the captain is—How's her head now?—coming-up?—Don't like that—brings the sea on the bow—pile-driving's not her forte."

The lieutenant's apparently unconnected soliloquy was now interrupted by the noise of a sudden clash, followed by a quick succession of thunder-like claps.

"The jib-stay's *gone*, Sir," bellowed the boatswain.

"Mind your weather-helm, my man—*Man the jib-down haul—Driver brails.*"

The furious flapping of the jib, together with

the sudden rush of fast-fleeting feet, shook the ship to her very centre.—The second-lieutenant had already flown forward on the forecastle, while the boatswain, with several seamen, had collected on the bowsprit, displaying proofs of no ordinary muscular power as they gathered in the wildly agitated canvas.

"What's *that?*" vociferated the first lieutenant.

"*A man overboard!*"

To prevent the flurry and confusion which this appalling cry so often produces, Tarbucket had long seen the propriety of "stationing" (in a manner peculiarly his own,) every man borne on the books to the performance of some specific duty.

"*Silence!* fore-and-aft—every man to his station," cried Tarbucket, whose self-possession was strikingly contrasted with the manner of the master.

The ship was instantly luffed to the wind—her way through the water deadened—the heavy

courses [1] rapidly raised—the main-topsail hove to the mast—the ship rendered stationary—the grating hove over—the plank plunged from the port—the life-buoy cut away—the lee quarter-boat lowered—and disengaged from its tackles—and the coxswain seen standing erect in the stern-sheets, guiding his steerage by the directing voice and waving hand of the first-lieutenant, elevated on the taffrail.

"Pull *more* to starboard—pull, pull, my lads! larboard oars best. Now right as you go, right as you go—Who is he? Who is he?"

"Bill Thompson, Sir, the captain of the folksel."

"Poor fellow! The *best* man in the ship. They don't *see* him in the boat—A little to leeward of the life-buoy. He's nearly at his last gasp—Another fathom and he fetches the plank. No, that, *that's* his hat—that's *not* the man.—Good God! he's gone."

[1] The mainsail and foresail are called the "courses."

And now after meandering the dreary and remorseless deep a considerable distance astern of the ship, the disconsolate crew were seen to relinquish their search, and the brave boat breasting the surging sea slowly returning to the frigate. Not a syllable was heard on the S——'s deck—melancholy pervaded every mind.—Silence was at length broken by the brief order,—

"*Up boat.*"

The cutter had hardly been raised to the davits, ere the surgeon, hastily ascending the quarter-deck ladder, entreated that as little noise as possible might be made over the captain's head, adding that "the very movement of hoisting up the boat had half distracted his patient."

"Ay, poor man—I dare say he suffers much —but I'm sure he'd suffer far more were he aware of poor Thompson's fate."

"My dear friend, he knows nothing of the matter—he's nearly delirious; and were he perfectly sensible I should conceal the circumstance,

for I know that poor Thompson was one of his greatest favourites."

"And deservedly too.—But come, we must make sail—get the noise over at once—*Fill the main-yard. Man the fore and main tacks, jib-haliards and driver-sheet.*"

The word of command had hardly escaped the lieutenant's lips, ere the deep and heavy folds of the courses fell fluttering in the wind, their tacks run on board, and their sheets roused aft with the rapidity of thought, and the pursuer again seen under a press of swelling canvas, rapidly cleaving her way through the water.

"Ah! by this unfortunate affair," emphatically exclaimed Tarbucket, looking intently on the chase, with his glass resting on the weather side of the quarter-deck hammock-rails—"ah! I see, we've lost considerable ground."

"And I think we shall lose *more* yet," said the master—"there's every appearance of less wind."

Whether it was in accordance with the stale maxim, that, "silence gives consent," or that Tarbucket was not disposed to encourage the master in his gratuitous predictions, the lieutenant made no reply, but merely turned to the binnacle, to ascertain the position of the ship's head.

The sun had already 'dipped' the horizon, and the breeze with the setting luminary was inclined more to lessen than increase;—nor did the general indications of the sky induce an opinion in opposition to that already pronounced by the master.

Tranquillity was again restored—the hammocks below re-tenanted—the seats in the waists resumed—whilst some few of the more mournful of Thompson's messmates occupied the coamings of the fore-hatchway, deploring their recent loss.

"Poor Bet! it 'ill be the breaking of her heart," said one of the sympathizing group, affecting to search for his quondam quid within

the lining of his little low tar-pauling hat—a movement evidently adopted to conceal from his companions symptoms of emotion—" it 'ill be the breakin' of her heart, I'm sartin sure—Never, never was woman fonder o' man—and, no wonder,—for Bill was reglarly born'd for Bet."

" And yet, Tom," interposed an equally sensitive topman, " no one never can say as Bill, poor Bill! was ever the man as liked to show his *liking*."

" Sartinly not—he was none o' your cap-struck chaps—for Bet aboard, or Bet ashore, Bill was still the same—work! work! work! and always willin'. —Nothin', no nothin', but the sein' of *another* in trouble, ever seemed to give *trouble* to Bill."

" Poor Bill!—what a *chap* in the chains[1]."

" Ay, Tom! and *such* a song[2]!"

[1] Chains—channels, where the seaman stands pending the operation of heaving the lead.

[2] The cry when giving the depth of water; for example, " *By the dee-ee-eep nine!*"

"He'd bunt a foresle[1] himself, wou'dn't he, Tom?"

"Ay, Bob! we as know'd him, know'd well his worth.—*Well* might the first-leaftennant say he was the *best* aboard.——Poor Bet!—I thinks I sees her in the berth below in her usual, nice, natty, tidy trim—head-geer all in order (and a nicer head o' hair I never seed with a wench), clean cap, and white apron, overhaulin' poor Bill's chest and bag—I think I sees her afore me counting his traps on the mess-table—folding his shirts afresh, and clappin' 'em atwixt her tidy hands—I think I sees her taking the creases out of his musterin'-trowsers—wipin' the mildew off the buttons of his best jacket, and cleanin' his combs ready for a Sunday *tie*[2].—Poor soul! I has her afore me as plain as the living light."

[1] Foresail.—It is singular that the stress of the latter syllable, *sail*, always detects the landsman. For instance, the words top*sail*—fore*sail*—seamen pronounce short, *topsle*—*foresle*.

[2] On Sundays or gala days, the tail of the tar was wont to be exhibited at full length; on week days and working days,—doubled up in a bight.

"Ay, Bet was worthy o' Bill.—A nicer manner'd lass, nor a more modester she-messmate, never sot foot afloat. Save '*Handsome-Sal*' there, I never seed her equal afore."

At this moment "Handsome Sal," as designated by the S——'s ship's company, and who was then on board, being one of the few privileged of the petty officers' wives, who in those days were permitted to accompany their husbands on a cruize, had just passed the group on her way to place a kettle of water on the galley-grate. She was wife to the captain's coxswain, who was then in the cabin sitting by the cot-side of his suffering commander.

CHAPTER II.

" Night is the mother of counsels."
Old English Proverb.

THE day was now drawing to its close, and the shades of night were falling fast. Tarbucket and Funnel were both standing at the capstern, busily adjusting their night-glasses, preparatory to bringing them to bear upon the chase.

" When did you last set the chase?" said Tarbucket, interrogating the mate of the watch.

"Not five minutes since, Sir,—she then bore sou-sou-west."

"Exactly in the wind's-eye."

"It's my opinion," said the second lieutenant, in a somewhat subdued tone—"it's my opinion she'll *tack* so soon as we lose the moon—I know *I* should do so."

"I'll bet my existence," said Nipper, the third lieutenant, who had just joined his two brother-officers in 'capstern square,' "I'll wager what you like, she edges away after dark, and tries to cross us a-head.—Old Canister, the gunner, thinks the same; and you know, he's an old hand in a watch."

The colloquy was here interrupted by the marine-officer popping his head up the quarter-deck ladder, and inquiring if the trio intended to take any supper.—"It's past three bells, you know, and the plug's[1] placed on the table."

"D——n it, soldier," said Tarbucket, "you

[1] Plug—the common designation for cheese.

never think of any thing else, but stuffing your maw from morning till night."

"And to get something for *your* maw—for you're just like every one else—grumble, when there's a southerly wind in the bread-bag."

"Come, dive, soldier, dive—you'll have the doctor athwart your hawse directly."

But the doctor had other occupation than that of quelling the idle loquacity of the most legitimate "*idler*" afloat. He was then in the very act of taking, for the second time, since the captain was brought on board, blood from the arm of Sir S—.

The "plug"-report—(and here we must be permitted a moment's pause, to introduce formally to the reader, Mister Cheeks, first-lieutenant of marines, and commanding the 'party' embarked on board of his Majesty's ship, S—. Mister Cheeks, Mister Reader—Mister Reader, Mister Cheeks)—the "plug"-report, or rather the supper summons, was not, however, altogether disregarded; for the soldier was shortly fol-

lowed to the gun-room by both Funnel and Nipper, leaving Tarbucket on deck to "chaw the wind," and look out alone.

But Tarbucket never could be said to be *alone* —nor in his wonted custom of soliloquizing aloud, did he ever more indulge than he now did, at the moment his messmates departed the deck.—"If a fellow," ejaculated our fat friend—"if a fellow was to follow the advice of every fellow afloat, he'd make a precious mess of the matter.—Here's one swears 'she'll edge-away after dark'—another 'she'll *tack* as soon as the moon goes down.'—Wonder what Mister Soundings says—How's her head, quarter-master?"

"West, Sir,—she's kept at that this last hour."

"Steadier than I thought. Youngster,—Rivers, down to the gun-room,—tell the caterer send me up a biscuit and a glass o' grog.—Tell Mister Nipper too, to remember it's his middle watch.—Wrap-full—*do* let her go through the water—Good look-out before! See the

chase yet? *Who* the *devil 's* that striking the bell?"

The surgeon had now joined the lieutenant on deck—"The captain's situation," said the doctor, "is extremely critical—I hope the brain has received no injury;—however, things may take a favorable turn.—What are we likely to *do* with the chase?"

"*Do!*—the best we can—though we should do better, if we hadn't this *swell* on the bow—the other tack would suit us to a tee—but—see her yet?" cried Tarbucket, leaving his sentence unfinished, and suddenly addressing the 'mate-of-the-watch,' who had been, for upwards of an hour, in the main-top with Funnel's inverted telescope fixed upon the chase.

"Yes, Sir—about half a cable's length astern of that rising star before the beam."

"Mind! moment lose sight of her let's know.—That fellow's a capital eye—No walking there abaft!—Jib taut up?—Another pull of the fore sheet.—Devilish tired, doctor—up since day-

break. *Dowse* that infernal light in the waist!"

The rapidity with which remark and mandate were alternated in Tarbucket's mode of speech, convinced his medical messmate that however fatigued the corporeal mould, the mental man was fresh as ever.

And now might the lieutenant have apostrophised the pale departing 'Queen of Night,' and have said with Shakspeare

"The fleeting moon no planet is of mine."

But for poetry, Tarbucket had no predilection —he never quoted a line in his life:—not that when cited at the mess-table, he disrelished an occasional couplet from '*Faulkner's Shipwreck*,' to settle a disputed point in seamanship; but to patronize verse, or indulge in other numbers save those of '*John Hamilton Moore*,' the 'Executive-chief,' had neither taste nor time.

The pursuer was now no longer favored by the lunar light; and as the master had left direc-

tions "to be called so soon as the moon had dipped her lower-limb," Soundings had already appeared upon deck.

"You may depend on it, by *this*," said he, addressing the first-lieutenant, "by *this* she's round on the *other* tack."

"Master, do you know better," returned Tarbucket in an unwonted earnestness of tone—"do *you* know better than the man whose eye, at this very moment, is fixed upon the chase?"

"Lost sight of the chase, Sir!" bellowed the mate from the main-top.

"There it is,—*just* as I said!" exclaimed the master, assuming no little consequence upon the result of his prediction.

"What's she going?" inquired Tarbucket, turning from the master to the midshipman who had just completed the operation of 'heaving the log.'

"Six-and-two,[1] Sir."

[1] Six knots and two fathoms.

"Wind slackens—never mind—must make the most of it."

As if the already conflicting opinions of the executive officers had not been sufficiently perplexing, the purser forsooth, who since his return from the shore had not even *once* appeared upon deck, had now honoured the 'king's-parade' with his puny presence, expressing it as his "firm conviction that the chase had decidedly taken an easterly course."

"Taken an easterly course!—I wish, Mister Nip, you had taken any other course, than getting your bullock killed at this time of night. You know as well as I do, that this is no time for lights and lantherns to be skulling about the decks!"

"My good Sir, we were compelled to kill it, to save its life—the animal must inevitably have died—you've no idea of the hurt he received in hoisting him in."

"Stuff, man! I thought you were an older stager than to allow yourself to be humbugged

by a day-mate buffer. The fellow only wants a blow-out of bullock's liver for supper."

Nor was this a gratuitous assumption, for, taking advantage of that portion of the galley-grate, which by the surgeon's desire ought to have been appropriated to the accommodation of the captain, the fire was now usurped by a black woolly-headed cook, who had been preparing for the said day-mate, the delicate relish of fried bullock's liver interlarded with slices of fat salt-pork.

CHAPTER III.

" For now sits Expectation in the air."
SHAKSPEARE.

'TWAS now nearly midnight. Funnel and Nipper had both by the desire of the first-lieutenant retired to their respective cots, Tarbucket having predetermined to remain till daylight on deck. The 'idlers' had resumed their seats at the gun-room table; and sundry sage remarks were made upon the tenacity with which *some people* retained their own opinions. But upon

these individuals no responsibility fell; the whole pressed upon the shoulders of the 'Executive-chief.' Not that he had assigned any ostensible reason for pursuing one course more than another; but his favorite and oft-repeated maxim of 'letting well alone,' appeared, in the present instance, to determine the question.

From the commencement of the chase up to the present period, the S—— had been kept upon the *one* tack.—The second 'glass' of the middle-watch had now, not been *taken*, but 'turned;'—that is to say, the first hour of that period had already expired; for our readers must understand that the lapse of time is most anomalously marked by sea-faring folk—'*two* bells' indicating as often *one*, as seven or nine of the clock.

Nipper had now, as it is technically termed, 'taken charge of the deck,'—Tarbucket from fatigue having thrown himself down upon the arm-chest abaft, not a little mortified at having so long lost sight of the chase. The seamen and

marines of the watch (no inconsiderable number of men), were now beneath the aft-deck huddled together in sound sleep.—All was silent, save the murmuring surge produced by the plunging motion of the ship in her way through the water.

Nipper who, for a considerable time had been seated on the fore-yard, scanning with his glass the western horizon, and who had fully expected to descry the chase crossing a-head in a lateral direction, had now descended on deck.—Proceeding aft, he was met by the first-lieutenant, already aroused from his broken slumber.

"I thought," said Nipper, "to have made her out; but I fear we've kept too *close* a luff.[1]"

"Day-light," said Tarbucket, "will decide the matter.—Has the Doctor yet turned in?"

"No,—he's reading in the gun-room."

"The wind *still* decreases!"

"Yes,—an hour since we'd a better breeze."

[1] Too close to the wind.

At this moment a sudden stentorian shout from the forecastle startled the ears of the officers abaft.—"*Here* she is, Sir,—running athawt our hawse under all sail!"

"I knew it,—*who's* right now?" ejaculated the third-lieutenant.—"Rouse up the watch—quick.—Gunners, clear away the forecastle[1] gun," continued the excited Nipper in a hurried tone, as he darted forward to superintend the pointing of the bow-chaser.

The bustle occasioned by this unexpected event brought both the doctor and the master on deck.

"How fortunate!" exclaimed the surgeon—"You see, master, had we taken *your* advice, we should have completely bungled the business."

"Well!—only proves the fellow's a fool. Had he acted as *I* should have done, we should never have seen him again."

"Oh!—you're all very wise *now*," interposed

[1] Forecastle is by seamen pronounced short—thus, *folksel.*

the Executive-chief.—" Port a point, quarter-master.—Just keep her open with the waist-anchor-stock.—Youngster, for'ard on the fore-castle, tell Mister Nipper, to keep fast his fire till he's told."

" I wish she could be brought to in any other way," said the surgeon addressing Tarbucket in a purposely suppressed tone.—" At this moment the concussion of the gun might do considerable mischief."

" Oh ! if it comes to that," returned the lieutenant, " we'll get the Royals[1] on the forecastle, and soon unreeve his running-rigging.—Youngster, dive,—marine-officer on deck in a crack."

" He's already called, Sir," said the corporal of the watch.

" Yes," said the master ; " he left word to be called as soon as we closed with the chase."

" Port yet—Topmen aloft, shake out a reef—Stand by to set to'-gallan'-studdin'-sails.—Once

[1] The Marines.

get the fore-topmast-studdin'-sail on her, soon overhaul her."

Every telescope, 'purser's-pump [1],' and apology for a glass in the ship, were already in active requisition on the forecastle.

"Come, Cheeks," cried the delighted Funnel —leaving the gun-room, and accompanying the marine-officer in a hurried ascent on deck— "come, my boy, what will you take for your *whack ?*"

"Thwack ! — Curse that thwack !" — cried Cheeks, whose shins had come in awkward collision with a midshipman's chest, mischievously placed in the steerage passage—"You sentry," continued the commander of the 'party'—"I'll give *you* double duty for *that*—why didn't you show your light, Sir ?"

"I never knowd 'twas *you*, Sir !"

'Twas now manifest the frigate was closing

[1] The midshipman's cant term for a spy-glass.

with the stranger. The circumstance of 'running-off the wind,' together with an increase of canvas, materially tended to diminish the distance. The day-mate had received directions to prepare the appointed crew, and the post of '*Prize-master*,' the ambitious Nipper had already sought.

Twelve of the best marksmen were now in full array drawn up on the forecastle, and Cheeks had repaired to the quarter-deck to 'report the *party* ready.' So long, however, as it was apparent that the pursuer was gaining on the chase, Tarbucket was not desirous to open a premature fire, particularly when he took into consideration the precarious state of the captain.

The breeze, however, gradually declining, the 'Executive-chief,' was heard to mutter to himself—"D——n it—delays are dangerous, too. Come, Cheeks," he continued, startling the marine-officer by a flat-handed slap on the shoulder which fell with the force of a

topmaul—"come, if we're not up with her in half an hour, I'll give the *party* an opportunity of distinguishing itself."

Tarbucket had hardly uttered his intention, ere young Rivers, who was then perched some half-dozen ratlings up in the weather main-rigging, shouted in a shrill piercing tone,—"I'll swear, Sir, *that's* not the chase!—*That's* no schooner!"

"Eh!—what!"—exclaimed the all-active Tarbucket, rapidly raising his glass to his eye—"Bless me! the boy's right—That's a lump of a *brig!*—All *blind* there for'ard?—Pipe shorten sail."

The brig's appearance, together with the steady course she was seen to steer, satisfied the first-lieutenant that she was a British vessel bound to an American port, and therefore determined him again to haul the frigate to the wind in pursuit of the original chase.

The disappointment and discomfiture of the pursuing party, may now be readily conceived.

To record the different disputations on deck—the various 'prophecies of the past'—the philosophy of the forecastle, and the subsequent colloquy in the gun-room, would necessarily require a distinct chapter. Suffice it to say, that though Cheeks had stayed his stomach with no small portion of the *stolen* 'Middle-watcher[1],' left untouched upon the table, he was not a little loud in his lamentations in being, as he termed it, "roused out from his sleep and brought upon deck for nothing."

[1] A midnight, or rather a morning relish, which is not unfrequently purloined from the locker, or mess-*safe*.

CHAPTER IV.

> In calms heaven laughs to see us languish thus:
> The fighting-place now seamen's rage supply;
> And all the tackling is a frippery.
>
> DONNE.

In all probability the inquisitive—we had nearly committed a lapsus—'the *gentle* reader' may now be solicitous to know the present position of the chase. Of this, however, we cannot inform him. Unluckily we have not yet acquired the power of ubiquity possessed by certain popular writers of romance. Since the setting of the moon, the

bearings, movements, and manœuvres of the schooner were alone known to the crew of the fugitive vessel.

The mistake revealed by the discovery of the brig detailed in the preceding chapter, appeared to have induced an unwonted silence in the 'Executive-chief.' Not that he was in any way dejected, nor that his ardent spirit had for a moment flagged. No: his mind was still engrossed by one sole idea; and, thus absorbed and abstracted, the vigilant lieutenant remained mute and motionless seated on the taffrail abaft, his eye fixed on the 'drowsy east' anxiously looking-out for the first faint glimmering of returning light.

At length 'the grey-eyed morn smiled on the frowning night,'—and Tarbucket might have smiled too, had not the fickle element played him false—for the breeze had now faded into languid flaws.

"Upon deck there!" cried the 'youngster of the watch,' who had not many minutes before

discarded his '*downhaul*[1]' to facilitate his ascent to the fore-topmast cross-trees—"*I* have her, Sir—there she is, in her old bearing!"

"I know—I see—I see!" hastily returned Tarbucket, as if unwilling to be forestalled in the discovery of the chase—"*I* see her!—don't make a noise—hate a row."

And now the schooner was descried exactly in the same position as when seen previously to the moon's descent in the horizon—that is to say sou'-sou'-west, distant about eight and a half miles.

Preparatory to his 'first salutation to the morn,' our fat friend ordered the captain of the mizen-top to fill to the brim with salt-water a large deck-bucket, which was accordingly placed on the centre of the weather-side of the quarter-deck.—The 'stout-gentleman' now stripped, and plunged his head into the bucket for the purpose as he phrased it of 'refreshing his faculties for

[1] *Downhaul*—the cockpit term for a great coat.

the work of the coming-day,' as if for the last twenty-four hours he had not had work enough. —As he took his partial bath, the quarter-master of the watch stood close at hand acting as his valet, and receiving his apparel as the 'premier' disrobed on the 'king's-parade.'

Deprived of the propelling power the two vessels were now similarly situated.—The frigate had lost her 'steerage way'—the helm had no controul—the lift of the long undulating swell alone directed the position of the ship's head, not infrequently turned in the very opposite point to that of the suspicious schooner.—The lofty canvass betokened that the breeze had breathed its last—whilst the huge, heavy courses and taunt topsails were flapping to-and-fro with fearful force, as if determined to burst their confining fetters, and avenge the treachery of the fickle element.

Happy is he whose ear has never been assailed by the jarring, creaking, grinding, cracking noise incidental to a calm at sea. But we

sympathize too fully with our brother blues to recal to their sensitive organs those discordant sounds which were now distracting the head of the captain.

"Right your helm, quarter-master," cried Tarbucket, "I hate to see it jammed hard-down —*Surely* she should have steerage-way," he continued, at the same time adopting the boyish practice of throwing overboard pieces of paper to see if the ship passed them astern.

"No, she's falling off right before the swell, and I see clearly," said the master, "we're in for a confirmed calm."

"Well, be it so—at all events," returned Tarbucket, "the head-sails are better down—and the courses up before we go to breakfast."

As soon as 'sail had been shortened,' and 'breakfast piped,' Tarbucket betook himself below to 'swallow,' as he termed it, 'a cup of scald.'—"Come, soldier," said he, entering the gun-room, and thumping at the '*state*-room' door, as some of our trans-atlantic novelists

designate the confined six-feet-by-six 'crib' of a lieutenant of marines—"Come, soldier, show a leg—Twist not brewed yet?—Here's a fellow been on deck for twenty-four hours, and you hav'n't yet as much as scalded the tea-pot."

"Well, you may thank yourself for it—you roused me out for nothing in the middle of the night," returned Cheeks, who was then, as it happened to be Thursday, the appointed day for what men-of-warsmen term a 'clean shirt and a shave,' tossing and re-tossing his exhausted wardrobe in anxious search of some substitute for a change of linen.

Various are the precepts which philosophers of old have transmitted to posterity on that interminable theme the 'importance of time;' but it may be questioned whether a three month's cruize in a man-of-war would not more effectually demonstrate the value of that 'stuff of which *life* is made,' than all the sage sayings and moral disquisitions which for centuries have been collected on the subject.—At the period of

our present narrative, time's inestimable worth was appreciated by all afloat; more especially in meeting at meals was its value acknowledged by the denizen of the deep.—It is true that according to the rigid rules of a military mess, the 'sutler waits for no one,' and with the stroke of the clock the bugle blast or beat of drum proclaims the 'dinner served;' but the preservation of this strict and inflexible punctuality is, in the twenty-four hours, alone confined to the *one* regimental meal.—In the barrack-room 'time' is seldom 'taken by the fore-lock[1].'—The Sub may sup where he can, and from the Colonel commanding, to the junior carrier of the colours, officers breakfast *when* they will, and 'with what appetite they may.'

But how differently were these matters formerly managed afloat!—In the days of 'Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis,' as Byron unchronologically sings, the chronometrical errors

[1] Query, *Firelock*—Printer's Devil.

of the 'Horse-guards' might have been corrected by the breakfast, dinner, or supper-pipe of any ship in his majesty's service.

The breakfast apparatus of the gun-room, ward-room, and midshipmen's tables, (including the black-jacks, mustard-pots, and the sundry substitutes for the 'demolished cups and saucers' to which the tenants of the cockpit and steerage were compelled to resort,) were placed precisely at the seventh bell[1] of the morn, and at the eighth, the caterer of each mess was at his post brewing the boiling beverage. Half an hour was the time allowed to the discussion of the 'scald.'—At the expiration of that period, whether at sea, in port, calm or gale, 'the traps' were promptly removed, and 'the decks' thoroughly cleared.' But the long duration of the present dull, 'sleepy, insensible' peace, and which we may well say with the great dramatic poet is only calculated to 'rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad makers,' has, it is ap-

[1] Half-past seven, A.M.

prehended, considerably turned the tables; for now be it with sorrow said, the prevailing propensity to indulge in dandyism and effeminate luxury, is likely to undermine, and eventually destroy those two indispensible pillars of discipline—punctuality in time—and punctilio in place.

Oh! spirit of Cornwallis! Oh! shade of Collingwood! will it be believed, that the once rough and ready 'reefer' is now not unfrequently seen lolling in an easy chair, reclining on the 'mess-*sofa*[1],' or heard, either disputing the merits of the renowned Reform bill, or discussing the relative rights of the two royal Belligerent Brothers, over a comfortable bottle of cool *claret*.

But to our tale.—Whilst Tarbucket was 'bolting' his breakfast, and whilst each individual of the gun-room mess was hurrying his toilet in order to be in time for the morning meal, the 'tween-decks of the frigate presented a scene of

[1] We are not desirous to record the name of the line-of battle ship in which we have seen this luxuriant piece of furniture.

what may be literally termed 'warm-work.'—Imagine two hundred and sixty-six hungry 'jacks' and greedy 'jollies' enveloped in fume, and perspiring at every pore over the fattening fare of hot scalding cocoa.

"Well, I dun know," said Tom Frost, the captain of the fore-top, commenting on a remark made by a more argumentative messmate, "you see he's right after all—mortal man couldn't a managed it better.—I likes a man who's a way an' will of his own—I never thinks much of a chap as listens to the plan and prate of every know-nothing feller as chooses to shove in his oar—I'll say that for 'Tiny-Tom,' he can think for himself—and what's more too—*think* like a *man*."

And here the unprofessional reader is apprised of 'Jack's' propensity to designate people by appellations totally opposite to their characteristics and personal appearance [1].

[1] Thus a tall tar is frequently designated '*Bob Short*,'—a lean one '*Fat Jack*,'—a talkative topman, '*Dumb Dick*.'

"No, no," continued Frost—"big as he is, I'll back 'Tiny-Tom' for brains against the best aboard."

"Phill, I doesn't deny he never knows his work—'cause we all knows no fellow knows it better—but I'll say he's not the scholard—he hasn't the larning, and moreover hasn't the mannerly manner of the second leaftennant—Every man to his likin', but give me Fred. Funnel afore 'em all.—As sure as the bell strikes four[1] in the middle watch, he's always, *always* a throat-seizing[2] ready for the man at the weather-wheel. —'There,' he says, fetching a fellow a friendly tap on the shoulder—'there ye are, my man,—take that,' he says, in a mild inviting voice—'toss it off—it 'll never do you no harm.—Quarter-master, give him a bit o' biscuit,' he says—'I never likes to see a man drink without puttin' a morsel o' sommet in his mouth, if it's only

[1] Naval anomaly—four bells—*two* A. M.

[2] A glass of grog.

to quiet the worms'—He's the most winniest way wi' any gemmen I ever seed."

"Ay, ay, Will," returned the captain of the fore top—"we all have our fancy-men—and moreover we all knows, there's not a bad-un aboard—for from the skipper down to the youngest reefer a better set of officers never sarved under the fly of a pennant."

"I say, Phill, talkin' o' the skipper, does any one know how he is?"

"Yes, Ben Johnson says he's mortal bad.—He was deleterious the whole night long—an' talkin' out as the doctor called it, in the most cowherent possible manner."

"I say, Phill, what d'ye think of this here *calm?*"

"Think!—we'll have a spell of it.—And if Tiny Tom doesn't give us sommet to *do*, he's never the man I takes him to be."

"I doesn't know *that*, Phill.—It's another thing, the skipper well, and the skipper sick——"

"Well, *we'll* see.—Come, there's call the watch."

And here the colloquy was closed by the pipe of the boatswain's-mate, summoning the watch on deck.

CHAPTER V.

——"My honour is at pawn;
And but by going, nothing can redeem it."
Henry the Fourth.

It was now a confirmed calm.—Not a cloud hung in the 'roof of heaven.' The rays of the morning sun fell with languid sultriness on the bleached weather-worn canvass of the schooner in the south, whose head was directly pointed towards the stern of the frigate. The calm had produced on both vessels the effect we read of in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' where

pursuers and pursued are by magic transfixed in their respective positions. With the exception of the two 'sail in sight,' and the occasional rise and dip of the black fin of a basking shark, nought was seen to disturb the surface of the undulating deep.

The forenoon had passed apace—Tarbucket had again taken up his favourite position, and was seen in close counsel with the second lieutenant.

Various are the modes by which the opinions and sentiments of the foremast-men upon important points are revealed to the officers abaft. The tar possesses a tact peculiarly his own, and though he never 'gives tongue' he employs a method of communication which seldom fails in effect. His marked manœuvres, mute inuendoes, and significant gestures are all happy 'hits,' and hints, which are at once 'seen, felt, and understood.'.

And it was at this particular period that 'Jack's' telegraphic tact was called into play.—

The coxswains and bowmen of the different boats on the booms were seen, of their own accord, overhauling their respective gear, examining the pintles of the rudder—the boat-hook points,—tossing-up an oar here,—and eyeing a rullock there; whilst the '*patrōn*' of the launch was observed to scratch his head in a discomfited mood upon discovering the carronade slide totally defective and unfit for use.——The different boarders too, took each his cutlass from the stand, and with significant gesture, drew across his fore-finger the blunt edge, as he carried forward his weapon to re-grind the blade.

"I say, Funnel," said Tarbucket, addressing his messmate in an under tone—"you see what the fellows are at!—They see there's *something* in the wind—"

"Very naturally—they all see the calm is likely to last.—And they all know there's only the one plan to be pursued."

"My dear fellow," returned the first lieutenant—"there are many things to think of."

"I am aware of your peculiar position—the great responsibility———"

"Responsibility!" interrupted Tarbucket, emphatically,—"my dear friend, the responsibility is *nothing* to what I feel for *you* in the matter.—Were the captain equal to his duty, or even competent to be consulted, the command of the boats would undoubtedly devolve upon the first lieutenant. And you may now naturally suppose that his present incapacity alters the question———"

"Why certainly *I*—I—a———"

"Expected—and I see *expect* the command of the boats.—But I cannot bring myself to allow them to leave the ship at so great a distance, without being myself present to superintend the matter.—Mind me, Fred, I've every confidence in your zeal, activity, courage, and what's more material than all, your discretion; but there's something tells me," continued Tarbucket, placing his huge hand upon his broad chest—

"something tells me *here*—that I must go, and *go* I will!"

"Well, be it so.—I shall willingly waive, if I may so express it, my birth-right, or title to command the whole; but, at all events, *do* let me accompany the boats."

"Then we shall have Nipper, and the master too, equally anxious.—And *you* know how necessary it is that a man of judgment should remain on board."

"The master's judgment can never be questioned."

"No one disputes it.—And though he does give an occasional growl he's an excellent man in his station; but it's quite contrary to the practice of the service that the *three* lieutenants should be out of the ship at the same time."

"I entreat you," exclaimed the importunate officer, in a tone sufficiently loud to attract the attention of the quarter-master, and man at the wheel, who were both observed to interchange

significant glances—"I *entreat* you to allow me to go!—I waive every other consideration; but let me go!"

"I wish, Fred, you were third lieutenant—but *my* mind's made up—you, and *you* alone, must remain to take charge of the ship.—I see so many reasons why you should *not* go, that I would rather give it up altogether than not leave *you* on board. There's no use to say more on the matter—my mind's made up."

The two lieutenants now proceeded together aft, each remaining mute for several moments, wistfully looking at the schooner with their glasses resting on the taffrail.—Funnel was the first to break silence.

"I don't think she's an armed vessel after all.—She looks more like the cut of an Isle of France runner.—Come, I'll go up in the mizen top and have a fair overhaul look at her hull."

Tarbucket's eye followed the ascent of his messmate aloft. "Poor fellow," he muttered to himself—"he's very hot on it—but go he can't

—*can't* go.—Suppose," he continued, elevating his voice—"suppose the captain got better and found all the officers away in the boats—suppose a breeze sprung up—a sudden fog to come on—or if by any chance the boats were to be separated from the ship, who then is to take charge of a watch? much more charge of the barkey?—It's all very well talking—Tom's seldom out in his reck'ning. Messenger—tell the three warrant-officers—want them directly."

The gunner, boatswain, and carpenter were already in the presence of their superior.

"What's the matter with the launch's carronade slide?" inquired the first lieutenant, addressing the carpenter.

"It's decayed, Sir,—unfit for sarvus."

"You should have reported it."

"'Twas never no use, Sir.—There's not enough wood in the ship to make another. The two yard-arm pieces are both worked up—and ———"

"I give you one hour," interrupted Tar-

bucket hastily—"just *one* hour to turn out as good a slide as ever came from gun-wharf."

"I axes your pardon, Sir," interposed the gunner—"the gun itself is damaged—twouldn't be safe to fire her.—She was an old rusty honey-comb consarn when first we got her—I tried all I could when we was last at Plymouth to get her condemned, but the gemman at the gun-wharf gammoned me over—and——"

"Gammoned *you* !—Come !—Away with ye ! —Well ! must make the most of it.—Not that I see much use in it.—At best, it's no more than a sort of stand-by—a sort of save-all, in case people should ask particular questions."

"Ye doesn't want me, Sir, does ye ?" said the boatswain, who still remained unobserved at the elbow of the soliloquizing lieutenant.

"Yes, I do.—How are we off for oars ?"

"We've one set complete for every boat in the ship, Sir."

"No more ?"

"No, Sir."

"Never mind!—make the most of it—that 'ill do.—Youngster, dive—tell Mister Cheeks want him directly.—Hulloa!—what!—*seven* bells! and no one looking out for the sun[1]?—Send down to the master and all the young gentlemen to come on deck directly—all so full o' fight forget every thing else.—Boy, ask the cook if the ship's company's dinner ready—won't wait for twelve."

"It's all ready, Sir," cried the boatswain's-mate of the watch, his head peering just above the break of the quarter-deck as he stood on the second step of the gangway ladder with his *call* or pipe, already placed between his lips, anticipating the intention of the first lieutenant.

"Pipe to dinner, Mister Becket," said our fat friend, directing the boatswain to 'send forth the glad tidings of a hearty meal.'

[1] At half-past eleven the master and midshipmen are summoned to attend on deck with their respective sextants and quadrants, for the purpose of observing the meridian altitude, and ascertaining the "*latitude in.*"

A simultaneous burst accompanied the shrill tones of the boatswain's pipe; but the recollection of the captain's condition, which was now recalled to the excited seamen by the uplifted hand of the main-deck mate, pointing to the cabin abaft, as suddenly suppressed the exhilarating sounds heard in the vicinity of the cook's coppers.

Funnel had now descended from the mizen-top.—"I don't know what to make of her," said he, addressing Tarbucket, who was then at the capstern 'overhauling his watch bell.'—"She's certainly a very raskish looking craft, and undoubtedly a *deep*-waisted vessel—I've been straining my eyes out endeavouring to trace any thing like the appearance of man upon deck."

"How far do you reckon she's off?"

"Between seven and eight miles."

"I should say the same.—Think the people on board her could see us hoisting out the boats?"

"Why, if she's a rogue, you may depend on it she'll keep a watchful eye on us."

"When does the sun set?"

"Exactly at fifty-five minutes after six."

"The question now is, whether we shall hoist the boats out immediately after the people have dined, or wait till the last moment?"

"Is it to be an affair of volunteers?"

"Partly—I think we shall leave the boats on the booms till *all's* ready."

"I approve of the idea," returned Funnel—"because if the fellow detects us in an early stage hoisting out our boats————"

"He'd have the more time to prepare to receive them."

"Exactly."

"And now, Fred, we agree upon every point but the *one*."

"That is———"

"That *you* remain—you shall have the black-and-white for it.—I shall leave you a regular written order.—In case of after-claps, it's as well to have something to show."

"I hope you will yet alter your mind."

"*You* remain—so say no *more*."

This terse and determined decision, uttered in so emphatic a tone, left Funnel no further hope.—He was not unacquainted with Tarbucket's tenacity of purpose—He 'knew his man' —and moreover was not desirous to disturb the friendly feeling which had so long subsisted between them.

"It's twelve o'clock, Sir, by the sun," reported the master, saluting his superior, quadrant in hand, according to the usual practice of the service.

"Make it so," returned the first lieutenant, who upon the present occasion, appeared little disposed to dispute the authority of Sol.—"And let me know," added he, directing his mandate to the mate of the watch—"the *moment* the people have *had* their time."

Tarbucket had now descended the after-ladder leading to the captain's cabin.—No sooner had the sentinel without opened for the lieutenant the door of the afflicted commander's

apartment, than the raised hand of 'handsome Sal' indicated that Sir S. was not in a state to be disturbed.—Tarbucket returned to the gun-room.

The ship's company had already dined and the potent 'two-water tipple' was drained to its last drop.

There was something so unusually emphatic in the tone and manner in which Tarbucket had desired to be made acquainted 'when the people had had their time,' that long before the allotted period had expired, the forecastle was crowded, and the fore part of the booms covered with seamen sitting with folded arms, anxiously awaiting the return of the first lieutenant on deck. —An unusual assemblage of mates and mids had also congregated on the 'king's parade.'

"Hulloa!" exclaimed Tarbucket, affecting a tone of surprise, as he ascended the quarter-deck ladder—"hulloa! thick muster here—sunny-day with some of you.—Different this time twelvemonth off the Texel.—Nothing like

a north-sea snuffler to-thin'decks.—Youngster, if I hear you making a noise over the captain's head, I'll give you a six hours' spell at the jib-boom end.—Send for the boatswain."

"Here am I," cried the bluff Becket, hastening aft from the starboard gangway.

"I want *you*, Mister Becket.—Can you pass the word in a proper manner?"

"I can pass the *word*, Sir."

"The way *I* mean?"

"We all knows what you *mean*, Sir."

"You do, do you?"

"Sartinly, Sir.—The people are all on deck waiting for the word."

"Well then, pass the word for the people to come quietly aft.—No noise, you know—hate a hubbub—come quietly aft, and give in their names for the volunteer list.—Mind! no rush running aft."

"Had we not better draw up the party on one of the gangways?" said the officer of marines interrogating the first lieutenant.

"The marines are to muster in the waist."

The boatswain was already on the forecastle. —"Do ye hear the news here?" cried the hoarse 'bur-throated' Becket.—"First of all the first leaftennant says he never wants nothing of a nitty—and next of all you're all to go aft like reg'lar *men*—and give in your names for the fun."

"Silence! silence! one at a time," cried Tarbucket, checking the impatient rush of the people aft.—"Down off the booms—draw round—draw round," motioning to the moving mass to close round the capstern.

The uncovered crowd arrived at a steady stand.

"Now, my lads, before we take down a single name you must bear in mind that a certain number of the *best* hands," said Tarbucket, casting a significant glance at the second lieutenant, "must remain on board to take charge of the ship."

"Hope you'll allow *me* to go, Sir," interrupted Frost, the captain of the fore-top, well

aware, to use his own expression, he was 'a bit of a fancy-man' with the first lieutenant.

"Certainly, Frost.—The coxwains of *all* the boats are to go."

"Thank ye, Sir," hastily cried the captain's coxswain.

"With the exception of *you*, Johnson," continued the lieutenant, nipping in the bud the self-congratulations of the captain's coxswain,—"*your* services are required on board."

"The doctor says, Sir, Sal can sarve the captain far better nor me."

"I have no desire," said the surgeon, "that Johnson should remain on board—his wife makes an admirable nurse—indeed the captain could not possibly be placed in better hands."

"You may go then," said Tarbucket, turning to the captain's coxswain.

There was now no end to the 'volunteer list;' nor was it the least difficult task that devolved on the first lieutenant to reconcile the excluded seamen.

"I always *swore*, Sir," cried Miller, the captain of the main-top, in a tone of emphatic force, as he looked stedfastly in the face of the first lieutenant--"I always swore, Sir, that whenever Mister Tarbucket went on a volunteer fray, Jem Miller would be found close in his wake."

This species of appeal was not lost upon the 'Executive-chief.'

"Swear did you say?"

"Yes, Sir, an' moreover now ready to swear I *swore* the same."

"Well, well—mus'n't break your oath—Miller, you go in the barge with me."

"Thank ye, Sir," returned the delighted seaman, as he flew forward to Frost on the forecastle to report progress—"I say, I told ye *I'd* do him.—*I* knows how to touch Tiny Tom."

The ship's company were now dismissed in consecutive order, and the boarders directed 'to be ready to muster at five bells.'

Closing his watch-bill and retiring from the capstern, Tarbucket descended the quarter-deck ladder, closely followed by the youthful Rivers.

"I hope, Sir, you will let me go.—I'm sure I've as much right to go as Drowsy Dick.—I was the first to make out the chase—and last night to discover the brig."

"Fine fellow—capital boy—but you know we want all the *good* men on board," returned Tarbucket, patting the youth kindly on the shoulder.

"First favour I ever asked, Sir."

"Can't help it—favour's out of o' fashion now.—Go next time.—Come," continued the 'stout gentleman,' dismissing the disappointed boy—"come, must down and overhaul my *serve-em-out*[1], and see that my pops are in proper order."

Though the youngster had endeavoured to conceal his mortification by turning his back on

[1] Lieutenant Tarbucket's *brief* designation for his hanger.

the sentinel posted at the cabin door, and looking out of the main-deck port abreast of the steerage-ladder, the boy's 'sad unhelpful tear' was not unnoticed by the sympathising '*soger*,' who, by the by, happened to be the very individual on whom devolved the dusty duty of monthly pipe-claying the middy's pea-soup-stained waistcoats, and dingy weekly accounts[1].

"What's the matter, Mister Rivers?" said the marine, in a kind tone of inquiry, as he gently touched the 'young gentleman' on the elbow.

"'Twas the first favour I ever asked, and he refused me," returned the ambitious boy, while the big tear gathered in his eye.

"Well, Sir, I'm never allowed to go neither. —In things of this sort, we must all take our reg'lar turn.—I likes a bit of sport as well as

[1] The square white patch on the collar of the midshipman's coat.—We know not the origin of this seemingly inapplicable term.—It is worthy of remark, that whilst the facings of the uniform of every other officer has been altered to *red*, the middy still retains the old *white* '*weekly account*.'

another—but a man-o'-war's a man-o'-war,—and men can't *always* have their own way.—Come, Sir, cheer up—it doesn't seem to me as you've had your dinner yet."

"I don't want any dinner."

"If Mr. Mitten was to see you, he'd have the laugh on ye."

"*He!*—drowsy Dick, indeed!—but never mind; though I didn't think Mr. Tarbucket would serve *me* so."

The dialogue was now interrupted by the precipitate descent of Mister Cheeks down the quarter-deck ladder,—the sudden lurch of the ship having caused him to be very unceremoniously ejected from aloft. That which the soothing philosophy of the private failed to accomplish, was effected in a trice by the marine officer's ludicrous tumble 'down by the lump,' and by the simultaneous cry of half-a-dozen voices from the fore part of the waist of '*call the* butcher!' and 'pick up the pieces;' for no sooner did the boy witness the accident, and

hear the rude commentary always attendant on a like casualty on board a man-of-war, than his lamentations were quickly succeeded by shouts of laughter, so loud that the sentinel was compelled to call the 'young gentleman' to his senses before the private could 'lend a hand' to lift as much as a leg of the 'commander of the party.'

CHAPTER VI.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men,
To wield them in their terrible array.

BYRON.

THE time appointed for the inspection of arms, and all the other implements of war necessary on such an occasion, had now arrived, and the chosen band had already assembled in divisional order.—Fore-and-aft extended on either side of the upper deck, was seen a long line of armed and accoutred seamen, each supporting perpendicularly a 'muffled oar,' whilst

the eye of the looker-on was dazzled by the glare of bright blades glistening in the sun, as the cutlass was poised in a sloping position over the right shoulder of each broad-backed, weather-beaten boarder.

The marines were drawn up from the forecastle apart from the long-tailed tars; but as the first lieutenant had given directions that the 'Royals were not to rig in red,' (though the martial appearance of the 'party' was by this change of costume lowered in the opinion of the sergeant of the 'squad' and commander of the corps) the '*jolly*' attired in the tarry apparel of *Jack*, was all the better suited for his work.—Nor was this the first time on a similar occasion, that Lieutenant Tarbucket had taken the liberty to substitute another cut and colour for the regimental 'rig' and royal red of the sea-soldier[1].

[1] It is pretty generally admitted that the marine corps ought on every account, to be attired in the dark rifle uniform. It has been remarked by Captain M—y, a post captain of some celebrity, that since our "unnatural alliance" with the fleets of continental powers, the English line-of-battle-ship is only

"Mister Canister," said Tarbucket, returning aft from his round of inspection—"when the boats are hoisted out you see properly placed in each, a blue light, and a lighted match, and match-tub."

"Ready when *you* like, Sir."

"Mister Becket," continued the first lieutenant, next addressing the boatswain—"get from the gunner both the buoy grapnel-hooks."

"I've never no more nor the one, Sir," interrupted the gunner.

"Well, never mind—make the most of it—give it to the bowman of the barge, and see it spliced to a five-fathom line of inch-and-a-half."

"I axes your pardon, Sir," said the boatswain, "but I doesn't think 'twould be a bad plan if all the boat-hooks was fitted in a sim'lar fashion."

"Right, have 'em so.—And now," continued

distinguished by the scarlet jacket of the marine officer lounging out of the weather-quarter-gallery window. *Vide* logs of ships at Navarino.

the first lieutenant in a distinct commanding tone—"now I hope every man fore-and-aft, clearly understands his station—for if he doesn't —now is his time to speak."

Not a syllable was uttered in reply.

"And I trust," resumed the lieutenant, "that the ship's company, knowing the suffering state of their captain, will preserve as much silence as possible in hoisting out the boats.—Mr. Becket—Pipe down."

The crew retired below.

"I never saw more orderly men," observed the third lieutenant, addressing his superior.—"They are a little impatient to be sure—but that's no more than natural."

"Time enough—if she wasn't so far off—I'd take the night for it.—However—must make the most of it."

Young Rivers was now seen on the booms, in close 'confab' with the bowman of the launch. —The only part of the conversation overheard was—

"What! before she's *hoisted* out?"

And the man's reply—

"Sartinly, Sir—an' the only way as ye can manage the matter."

"Rivers," cried Tarbucket, calling the boy from the booms—"take my glass to the main-top, and have another look at the schooner."

"Come, youngster," said Funnel, "I shall accompany you."

"Fine boy," said Tarbucket, in an under tone, turning to Nipper—"that fellow 'ill make a first-rate officer.—Come," he continued, "I must down and have another look at the captain. —I say, Peas," added he, addressing the purser, descending the ladder—"suppose you were to get your signal-lanterns in trim.—Mind, if there's any oil spilt on the deck, I'll give the steward a holy-stoning match for a month."

Tarbucket had now entered the captain's cabin.—Sir S. had dropped off into a quiet slumber. The nurse was discovered by the bed-side of the patient in a somewhat melting mood.

"What's the matter with *you?*" said Tarbucket, interrogating the weeping woman.

Without returning a reply, the coxswain's wife rose from her chair, and repaired to the after-cabin where the surgeon was reading seated on a sofa.

"Doctor, what's the matter with this woman?" again interrogated Tarbucket.

"Nothing that I know of."

"What then is she piping her eye about?"

"Ben, Sir," returned the afflicted female, sobbing syllabically, "Ben, Sir—was—quite—cross—with—me—'cause—I ask'd him—stay—and keep—keep me company!"

"Company!—Hav'n't you the doctor?" returned Tarbucket, good-humouredly—"best company in the ship—always a fancy-man wi' the women!"

"For Heaven's sake," cried the doctor[1], "don't

[1] The reader may be anxious to be made acquainted with the name of the surgeon—but on board men-of-war the name of the medical chief, like that of the master, is seldom sought.

wake the skipper," placing his fore-finger significantly on the bridge of his hooked nose—"at this juncture ten minutes of quiet sleep is worth more to him than any medicine that could be administered."

Funnel and Rivers had both descended from the main-top, each to make his 'report' to the first lieutenant, now returned on the quarter-deck.

"I cannot detect," said the second lieutenant, "any thing like a movement on board.—She's too far off—and the rolling motion of the ship prevents a steady look from aloft."

"I can see nothing, Sir," said Rivers—"she's just the same as when I last saw her."

"Never mind—know more about it before dark."

"Talking of dark," said Funnel—"I think you have little time to lose—It's a long pull."

The author was himself six months in a ship before he could remember the long name of the short *Scotch* doctor.

"True—may as well out boats at once. Mr. Becket.—Hands-out boats.—Silence! fore-and-aft!"

Each eager to have his *own* boat first 'hooked-on,' the impatient seamen were seen on the booms scrambling for the grasp of the 'stay-tackle-blocks.'

"The barge first," said Tarbucket, "and the launch last."

The reader shall not be detained by a professional description of the heavy operation of hoisting-out boats from the booms of a vessel of war; but here must be recorded the extraordinary fact, that six boats, with 'all appliances and means to boot,' were seen in the water, manned and armed alongside of his Majesty's ship, in the short interval of ten minutes.

Tarbucket, Nipper, and Cheeks, were still seen round the capstern on the quarter-deck.

"Come, '*soger*,'" said Tarbucket—"bundle in the launch.—I know you like plenty of

room to stretch your legs.—The barge is my boat."

"And the pinnace mine," echoed the third lieutenant.

"Well, Funnel," said the first lieutenant, "we clearly understand each other?"

"Perfectly."

"Should the boats not return before dark, don't forget the lights at the peak."

"And should a breeze spring up, a blue-light will always indicate the position of the boats."

"Well, God bless you, my boy," said Tarbucket, crushing the hand of the second lieutenant in his Herculean grasp.—Then turning to the master—"Come, old Growl-and-go—tip us your daddle.—Here, Physic—hand us your flipper—take care of the captain—and now," concluded the cheerful '*first*,' buckling the belt by which his sabre was suspended, "now I think we are all right."

The pithy sayings, and pugnacious gesticulations interchanged between the excited boarders

in the boats beneath and their disappointed mess-mates crowded in the fore-channels, the profes-sional reader can readily imagine.

Save the barge awaiting alongside to receive the first lieutenant, the boats were all 'lying-off on their oars,' on the larboard beam of the frigate.

And now attired in a round jacket, a large broad-brimmed leathern hat, and a white piece of calico stitched round his left sleeve, the 'stout gentleman' was seen to descend the ship's side.

CHAPTER VII.

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,
Grass before scythes, or corn below the sickle.
BYRON.

OUR lady readers (and we hope to have such despite our nautical subject) have, doubtless, felt some sympathy with the sailor's wife, known by the *soubriquet* of 'handsome Sal,' and are perhaps anxious to be told of her last interview with her husband previously to his departing on the hazardous service on which he was engaged. But with every disposition to render justice to

the feelings of the fair, the departure of the boats precludes the possibility of describing the sketch of the affectionate female now seated in the captain's cabin. We cannot stop the course of our tale further than to say that the long lingering look, and the silken signal waving from the stern-window, was unseen and unanswered by him for whom it was intended.

After a two-hours' fatiguing 'tug at the oar,' and the eager exertions of all to close with the 'rakish rogue,' the lighter and faster pulling boats had already decreased more than two-thirds of their distance,—leaving the gig, barge, and launch considerably astern.—The gig, which had been compelled to restrain her wonted speed, and which for the purpose of conveying a prompt message, had been specially stationed on the 'quarter of the senior officer,' was now called alongside of the barge.—Tearing a blank leaf from his 'watch-bill,' and pencilling on the paper a few hurried lines *dated* 'from the *top* of *his hat*,' and addressed to 'Lieutenant Nipper,'

Tarbucket despatched the 'young gentleman,' already known by the flattering appellative of 'drowsy Dick.'

"How came I to put such a fellow as *that* in charge of a boat," said the 'Executive-chief,' as soon as the bearer of his mandate was out of hearing—"sure to blunder a message.—Never mind—has it in black-and-white—can't mistake it."—Then turning to the coxswain of the barge —"Why! how's this?—I always thought your boat could beat the pinnace."

"The boat's too much by the starn, Sir."

A natural consequence when taken into consideration, that in addition to the sixteen-stone weight of the 'stout gentleman,' six of the largest and heaviest of the foremast-men were seated abaft in the boat.

The gig was not long in 'overhauling' the pinnace a-head, nor Mister Mitten, in delivering to the third lieutenant his official despatch—though it must be acknowledged that more time was lost in deciphering than had been occupied

in writing the commands of the senior officer.

"*Such* a scratch *I* never saw.—However, I guess what he means.—Mister Mitten," said Nipper, "proceed a-head and direct the two cutters to remain on their oars till the sternmost boats come up—and tell them too, to be ready to take each other in tow.—Away with you—Though stop—stop a moment—What the deuce is *this?*" he continued, holding the paper in his hand—"'Tell—the—pur—purser'—can't be purser—'tell the p—p—*people*'—d——— it—'they—are—all to put—put'—this *put*—puts my pipe out—Oh! I have it—'put on their jackets'—Ay, ay!—his old tune of a chill."

The boats had already taken each other in tow, the larger and heavier taking the sternmost stations, and only awaiting to secure the 'painter' of the launch now within a few fathoms of the barge.

"Hulloa!" exclaimed Tarbucket, not a little surprised at the unexpected appearance of young

Rivers, who had tried in vain to conceal his person under the portly lee of Lieutenant Cheeks, seated in the stern-sheets[1] of the launch—"Hullo!—I thought, Sir, I ordered you to remain on board!"

"I thought I might be wanted, Sir," returned the boy, touching his hat.

"Well,—never mind—Forgive you this time—Make the most of it.—Gig there," cried the philosophic '*first*,' hailing the light-boat abreast of the barge—"Mister Mitten—change places with Mister Rivers.—And recollect, youngster," addressing the latter emphatically—"the gig is only to act as a *despatch*-boat.—The fellow's a regular fire-eater," muttered Tarbucket, resuming his seat.

The boarders were now desired to refresh themselves, as Tarbucket expressed it, 'with a bite o' biscuit and a sip of six-water-swizzle.' No one knew better than Tarbucket how necessary it was occasionally to console the inward

[1] Stern-sheets—the after part of a boat.

man:—indeed he was often heard to expatiate upon the necessity of 'wetting the mouth after weary work.'

"Please, Sir, I axes your pardon," said Frost, the ship's company's favourite 'spokesman'—"but the people say, Sir, as they'd rather do their work *without* their jackets—we thinks we shall be obligated to take to the buff."

"Well, with all my heart—make the most of it,—but they must tuck up their shirt-sleeves," returned Tarbucket, perceiving that several had already adopted this distinctive mark—"and then there's *no* mistake[1]—And remember," added he, addressing the officer next in command—"the pinnace and the two cutters will board on the larboard side, and the launch and barge on the starboard—Mind! mustn't mince the matter—Run alongside at once!"

[1] The reader may imagine he here detects a plagiarism.—But Lieutenant Tarbucket had employed this phrase long before it was brought into fashion—and '*no* mistake.'

"That's the *bo*," cried a voice in the pinnace, "Tiny-Tom all over."

"Of course," said Nipper, "you will tell us when we are to cast-off?"

"Ay, ay,—I'll look out for that.—And now," continued the animated leader, raising himself erect in the boat, and exhibiting to all a commanding presence—"and now, my lads, what say you with a will?—*Now* for it—*Strike*-out together."

A simultaneous cheer which made the welkin ring and which lasted for several seconds, succeeded the emphatic words of the exciting lieutenant.

Some twenty minutes had elapsed when Tarbucket, who had been previously looking at the schooner with his glass, handed the instrument to the midshipman on his left, directing him to "see if he could discover any thing particular."

"It appears to me, Sir," said the midshipman, still looking at the vessel—"it appears to me as if she had boarding-nettings traced up."

"To be sure, she has.—But never mind—make the most of it.—I say, Nipper," cried Tarbucket, hailing his brother-officer a-head—"I say, have your *slashers* ready—your tomahawk-men at hand.—The fellow's got some bird-cage work about his rigging."

"Ay, I see," said the third lieutenant, who had also his glass at his eye—"we shall mince his meshes for him.—I can't discover a single port open."

"Lord, *they* never can stand us!" said the coxswain of the barge, in a tone evidently intended to invite a reply from the first lieutenant.

"Who said they could?" returned Tarbucket testily—"Hurrah! my lads—hurrah!—another rally.—Five minutes more and we cast-off."

The time had barely expired before the boats were directed to 'cast-off,' and were seen to form in two divisions.

The schooner whose head had been so long turned towards the fast closing boats, had now

changed her position—the lighter canvass of her 'head-sails,' having felt the influence of a partial 'cat's-paw[1],' was observed to darken the surface of the water in the vicinity of the vessel. The mode of coming to the assault was consequently reversed—the boats having now to run on each *quarter*, instead of each bow.

The assailing party were within half musket shot of the schooner, when displaying at her peak a large tri-coloured flag, the enemy's vessel was suddenly seen to open her ports. The discovery was made during a momentary pause of the boarders 'on their oars,' to permit them to recover breath.

"What say ye, my lads—All in wind?"

"Ay, and *willing* too."

"Now, remember all—Trust more to *this*," said the intrepid Tarbucket, his sabre raised in his right hand, and his left pointing to the

[1] A light air, perceived by its effect on the water—but not durable.

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blade—"trust more to *this* than to the *flash* of fire.—And *now*," added he, flourishing his huge hanger over his head—"*here* we go—*slap* alongside!"

"Hurra!"

"Hurra!!"

"Hurra!!!"

The air yet vibrated with the closing cheer of the reeking boarders, when at the moment that the two crews of the leading boats relaxed the oar to wield the weapon, and that one and all had simultaneously risen to grapple with each quarter of the enemy's vessel, a shattering shower of grape, canister, broken bolts, rusty nails, and every description of destructive langridge, flew forth from the depressed and well-pointed cannon of the formidable foe. The volumes of dense smoke which for several moments accompanied both broadsides, hung like a canopy over the advancing boats and veiled from view the scene of slaughter that ensued. The heroic leader of the larboard line, who had

usurped the place of the bowman, as if determined to perish or have the first foot on the enemy's deck, fell over the outer gunnel of the pinnace—disappearing on the instant, and leaving no mortal trace save the crimson stain which discoloured the bosom of the deep.—Singular to say, Tarbucket, though the largest and decidedly the most conspicuous object in both boats, alone escaped the fatal fire.

"Follow fast—follow fast!" cried he, unconscious that none in the barge excepting his two favourites, Frost and Miller, were in a condition to raise an arm—for in scaling the side of an enemy's vessel, the boarder has little time to look behind.—Tarbucket, however, soon effected a footing in the starboard channels of the schooner, and commenced with might and main hewing and hacking with his sharp sabre the close meshes of the netting that obstructed his advance. Frost, who had followed in the wake of his valorous leader, and who had also found a 'landing' on the lieutenant's

left, suddenly descried a tall resolute looking creole pointing with deliberate aim a pistol at the head of his officer.—Without a word of warning, but with a praiseworthy presence of mind, the seaman made a violent push at his superior, precipitating him flat on his back into the boat beneath.—The lieutenant's fall terminated the expiring agonies of the Main-deck mate who had previously dropped, mortally wounded, in the stern sheets of the barge.

The desolating contents of the schooner's guns had levelled the boarders in both leading boats before the launch had had time to take her appointed station.

"Never mind—dash up, my boys," cried the gallant Lieutenant of marines, animating his men on the sudden suggestion of the more experienced coxswain to board on the taffrail.

"You see, Sir, she's low abaft."

"Hurrah! lads—we'll heave ourselves over the taffrail."

At the moment the boarders in the launch

were rallying to effect their purpose, the enemy, who had hitherto concealed his stern-chasers, unmasked his treacherous battery, defeating with fatal effect the daring intention of the lieutenant of marines.

"The villains!—Who could have thought *that?*" exclaimed the exasperated officer, as he bent to raise the bleeding body of the sergeant, who had fallen at his feet.

"Leave me—leave me!" groaned the sufferer.

"Good heavens!" continued the marine lieutenant as he passed forward from thawt to thawt to bind the wounds of the several sufferers strewed in the boat—"Why, we've scarcely a man left!"

"Here am I, Sir," cried the corporal.

"They've missed me," exclaimed a private.

"And me too," echoed another.

"There's four on us yet left," cried a blue jacket in the bow of the boat.

The pitiable plight of the launch soon attracted the eye of young Rivers who had al-

ready proceeded in the gig, to the succour of the crew.

"Rivers, my boy," cried the officer of marines—"jump in here, and give *me* the gig."

"Come in, Sir," answered the boy—"but I must steer."

"Well, be it so—but we must take these four," pointing to the small number left untouched in the launch—"and dash off to support the barge."

At this critical juncture a sharp volley from the stern ports of the privateer, prostrated the marine officer senseless in the stern sheets of the gig, and shattered to pieces the left arm of the brave boy seated abaft, as he held in his hands the lines of the yoke [1].

"Oh! the beggars!—to slap that way at a bit of a boy!" exclaimed the boatswain.—"My eyes! we never can stand *that*—what say ye, my sons?" continued he, cheering and

[1] The steering lines.

leading forthwith the crews of each cutter to a desperate charge on the enemy's larboard side.

The galling fire of musketry, together with the thrusting pikes from the enemy's port-holes, as the Frenchmen remained in ambush under cover of their deep-waisted bulwarks, repulsed the assault of the English assailants.

"Never mind, boys—here's at her again!—Now for it—hurrah!—and board her on the bow."

A second charge was effected. The first cutter grappled with the fore-chains.—The boatswain, tomahawk in hand, flung himself at the schooner's rigging.

"Bravo, Ben!—That's *you*—slash away—sever the ridge-rope and make a lane," cried Becket, perceiving the captain's coxswain had carved an aperture in the enemy's netting.—At this moment the coxswain in dividing the desired ridge-rope overbalanced himself by the force of the blow, and fell in board on the enemy's deck.

"Hurrah, boys!—Ben 's made a lane!" cried

the boatswain, springing aft to follow Johnson's supposed advantage.—In attempting a second spring his foot failed, and overboard toppled the brave Becket, between his own boat and the schooner's side.

"It's never no use—they're *too* much for us!" exclaimed Becket, as he gained the gunnel of the cutter—"It's only murdering men to attempt more."

The sun was sinking in the west, and a breeding breeze had already ruffled the surface of the waters in the south. The schooner's lofty canvass caught the coming air, and the sharp vessel gradually 'gathering way,' slipped from between, and dropped astern the disabled boats.

"What officers are left?" asked Tarbucket, who had only now recovered the stunning effects of his fortunate fall.

"Only me and Mister Mitten, Sir," answered the boatswain, who had already sought his superior.

"Are we strong enough to make another rally?"

"Can't do it, Sir. Moreover, she's slipping away from us fast——."

"Where's young Rivers?"

"He, Sir—his arm's knocked to atoms."

"What! the *boy's?*"

"Yes, Sir."

"I'd rather have lost *both* my own."

CHAPTER VII.

" It is an awful topic—but 'tis not
My cue for any time to be terrific."

Byron.

After so direful a result to his expedition, it will easily be conceived that the feelings of Tarbucket must have been of a most overpowering nature. Harrowing, however, as they were, he still retained that sense of duty which even in the utmost extremity, while perception re-

mained, never for a moment left his mind. He was sufficiently collected to arrange his shattered flotilla, in which only a few men had escaped, to administer relief to the sufferers, and raise them, mutilated as they were, from the boats' respective spars. Before the boats had been taken in tow, the foremost of each stepped, and upon which a lug-sail was set, the dismal day had closed.

"Does any one see the ship?" inquired Tarbucket, after running for a considerable time in line to leeward.

"Not yet, Sir," replied Frost, steering the boat in his seated station.

"Then burn a blue light."

At this dark hour (for the moon, though high in heaven, was obscured by gathering clouds), and after the murderous catastrophe just described, the fulfilment of the commanding officer's order produced a peculiarly grim effect: the wounded and the dead were already ghastly enough, but when the coloured flame gleamed

upon their contorted visages their appearance became doubly fearful and phantom-like. Save an occasional moan, all around was silent, solemn, drear; in the ill-fated boats lay the expiring and the departed—some writhing in hideous agony, and others fixed in the marble sleep of death; while each of these expressions was exaggerated under the seemingly preternatural illumination which brooded over them.

The boat's signal was answered in a few minutes by the frigate burning a blue light to indicate her own position.

"Ah! there she is," exclaimed Tarbucket, "a long way to leeward. Poor Funnel! he can have no notion of our distress;—how unfortunate, too, that the doctor's mate should have been taken ill at the moment he was most wanted—fine plucky fellow too. Blow breezes, blow," continued the Lieutenant, unconsciously whistling to the wind, "I'd give all I'm worth in the world could I get these poor fellows aboard."

"The breeze freshens fast, Sir," observed the coxswain.

"Bad business, Frost," said Tarbucket.

"Can't be helped, Sir," returned the coxswain; "mortal man cou'dn't a done more;—hope, Sir, the heave in the boat didn't hurt you; but if I hadn't a done it you'd a been a dead man."

"Poor Nipper!"—

Not another syllable escaped the lieutenant's lips during the long hour the boats were nearing the frigate. At length, however, he gave directions for the gig to 'cast off the tow,' and proceed to the ship, for the purpose of communicating to Mr. Funnel the disastrous issue of the attack.

Mister Mitten was already alongside in the gig.

"Proceed to the ship," said the lieutenant, "as fast as possible—you see her, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir, I see her lights."

"Well, then, tell Mister Funnel—but quietly mind—of our unfortunate fate; get as many cots

as possible slung, and every accommodation for the wounded—shove off."

The light boat, under the influence of her large lug-sail, soon closed with the frigate.—At the moment of passing under the stern of the ship a female voice from the cabin-window was heard ejaculating, "Ben! Ben!—Is *Ben* in the boat?"

There was no reply.

The gig luffed under the lee-quarter of the frigate, hove-to with her main-topsail to the mast—exhibiting two vertical lights at the peak and one at the bowsprit end.

Funnel, for a considerable time before the boats had closed with the enemy's schooner, and until they were seen straggling astern, had planted himself in the main-top of the frigate in anxious suspense. As soon as he perceived the schooner slipping away with a gentle breeze, he descended the deck, convinced that the boats had been repulsed, though he had not calculated the extent of the loss sustained.

Mitten had now communicated his melancholy message;—anxiety was depicted in every countenance aboard.—Lighted lanterns were seen in every direction on the main-deck, and messmates were already taking from the nettings the hammocks of the absent men.

The gig and jolly-boat had already been despatched with fresh hands to hasten alongside the disabled boats, and every preparation had been made to facilitate the transit of the wounded.

As fast as the boats were cleared, the bodies of both dead and wounded were placed between the guns on the main deck, in order that the surgeon might examine them.—At this time the wife of the captain's coxswain, half frantic, was running fore and aft the waist, gazing at the different bodies, and wiping with her apron the gore from their faces, endeavouring to trace the features of her husband.—Poor creature! her's was a bootless scrutiny. Of the few survivors who were capable of even answering a question, none

could afford her any tidings of 'Ben.'—But at length, and when with bewildered air she again bent over the sufferers as they lay extended on the deck, the attention of the boatswain was drawn towards her.

"What's the matter, Sal?—Poor Ben's not here!"

"Good God!" exclaimed the unhappy woman—"Dead or alive, I must see him."

"He's not among us at all—He was the only man who got on board the enemy, and I saw him with my own eyes fall on the schooner's deck!"

These words were no sooner uttered than, with a piercing scream, the bereaved wife sank senseless at the boatswain's feet, and regained her consciousness only to become a confirmed maniac.

N.B. Should any reader be anxious to know the destiny of the surviving personages in our melancholy tale, we have the gratification to

inform them, Lieut. Cheeks is now Lieut.-colonel of marines, and the best dressed man seen at his Majesty's levees; that *young* Rivers is now an old post captain, *minus* his left arm; and that Tarbucket still remains on the lieutenants' list.

The professional reader will be aware, that the foregoing fiction is unhappily not without more than one parallel in our Naval records.

STRICTURES ON SMOLLETT.

STRICTURES ON SMOLLETT.

Of the few productions which have come under the title of 'Naval Novels,' Smollett has been said to be the originator; and, chronologically speaking, he is so. We cannot, however, agree in the dictum which attributes to him the highest excellence in nautical fiction; and we shall en-

deavour to show why it is that we differ from the verdict of the majority of critics who have estimated the genius of Smollett as a Naval Novelist. In other respects, no eulogy which has ever yet been paid by the warmest admirers of this great writer can, for one instant, be deemed extravagant. Our present business with Smollett is confined to those parts of his works which tend to exhibit to landsmen the nature of the *goings-on* at sea. Critics in all times have done more to mislead than to guide the multitude; never has the perverseness of the honourable craft been so triumphant as in the false impression regarding sea-stories produced by them on the public mind. This is the more remarkable, as happening in a maritime nation which transcends all others in the power and extent of its navy, and wherein it might consequently be imagined that almost every landsman would have some knowledge of marine affairs. The reverse of this, however, is the fact. No people in the world know less of the matter.

Englishmen, indeed, are fond of the subject, but they take no pains to qualify themselves to apply the test of truth to such 'Tales of the Sea' as come before them: and yet we were told by Lord Halifax, one hundred and twenty-nine years ago, that "the first article of an Englishman's political creed must be, that he believeth in the sea."

Smollett, being the first writer (at least of novels) who attempted to delineate nautical life, critics and readers have been induced to take every thing uttered by him for gospel; and most unquestionably to him are the public indebted for many scenes afloat, which, being stamped by the hand of genius, are not likely soon to fade. Still it is not safe to rely implicitly on Smollett's representations; for though occasionally these are founded in a deep knowledge of the human heart, seconded by great skill in portraiture, his humour, generally speaking, is not so much that of a painter of real life as of a caricaturist; and the propensity to add the *outré* to what is in itself

extravagant, though seen here and there through all his writings, is no where more obvious than in his naval scenes. Upon his exaggeration of naval character and incident, and upon the forced and inconsistent phraseology put into the mouths of his seamen, the critic has erected his standard of excellence in this line of fiction; but critics are, for the most part, "Gentlemen of England who live at home," though *not* at ease. [We are sorry to vitiate the quotation.] Now before a man can write like a seaman, he must learn to *think* like a seaman; and while we join in the general testimony as to the surpassing genius of Smollett, we may be allowed to add that vagueness of delineation no less than extravagance is a defect in his naval sketches. For example, we do not discern in his writings those nice distinctions of character which mark the different grades of the profession. Trunnion the commodore, Oakum the captain, Bowling and Hatchway the lieutenants, Jack Ratlin and Tom Pipes the foremast-men, speak alike in the

same strain of extravagant metaphor, which is not only misplaced in itself, but, in nine cases out of ten, is broken by the most violent incongruities[1].

In the 73rd chapter of *Peregrine Pickle* we find the following passage in the dying speech of Commodore Trunnion: "This cursed hiccough makes such a *rippling* in the current of my speech, that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my *wind-pump* will go, I would willingly mention a few things, which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance, when I am stiff, d'ye see. There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire. I desire you will keep her tight, warm,

[1] Innumerable passages similar to the following might be cited in support of this assertion:—"A third, seeing my hair clotted together with blood, as it were, into distinct cords, took notice that my *bows* were *manned* with red ropes instead of my side."—How either the bows or side of a ship could be '*manned* with *ropes*' we, knowing something of man as well as of nauticals, are quite at a loss to conceive. A seaman would have said 'Red ropes are *shipped* to your bows,' instead of to your side.

and easy in her old age; she's an honest heart in her own way; and thof she goes a little *crank* and humorsome, by being often *overstowed* with Nantz and religion, yet she has been a faithful *shipmate* to me," &c. &c.

In the foregoing passage, Smollett might, had he been living, have sheltered himself from our weak assault respecting the application of the phrase 'crank,' under the great authority of Shakspeare, who says that in drunkenness "the brain is the heavier for being too light." Be this as it may, we are certain that such a strain of discourse is at once improbable as occurring on a *death-bed*, and perfectly senseless as nautical metaphor. To be 'crank' is to want ballast, not to be 'overstowed;' and if the rippling of the current of a man's speech will prevent his being understood, surely a wind-pump ought not to be called into play to increase the rippling; though, up to the present hour, His Majesty's navy has been unaided by the operations of such an instrument as a *wind*-pump.

In making the above remarks, we fear that we may be considering the great novelist too closely, especially as his works are rather exhibitions or caricatures of life in general, than of that small portion of it which is confined to a ship. Smollett's sea-scenes are only *incidental* to his stories; they do not constitute the staple of *Roderick Random*; while the locality of *Peregrine Pickle*, though some of the principal characters are seamen, is altogether on shore. One of the great difficulties common to naval novelists is unceremoniously got rid of by our Scotch writer;—we allude to the non-introduction of his heroines afloat. They are confined to the shore, a circumstance which confers no very enviable benefit on the landsmen with whom they must associate, inasmuch as Smollett's virtuous women, of whom of course his heroines are formed, are any thing but attractive. It is hardly necessary to say that virtuous women are the best of women; but certain it is that Smollett had not the talent to invest purity with interest. His mind, we fear,

was essentially gross, and (not to affect a paradox) his best women are his worst.

The most perfect of Smollett's naval delineations are to be found in his incidents in the cockpit, in which place, as a surgeon's mate, he would necessarily have been domiciliated; and this is not only evident in such parts of *Roderick Random* as are descriptive of scenes at the amputating table, but is also shown in the manner in which he so minutely depicts such cable-tier tricks as 'cutting down,' 'reefing sheets,' 'turning the turtle,' 'blowing the grampus,' and similar manual jokes peculiar to the lower regions of the orlop. In descriptions of this nature Smollett seems to revel; but it is worthy of remark, that although he had poetical faculties of no mean order, as manifested not only in his metrical productions but in his prose fictions, (witness the ghastly scene with the robbers in the forest, in *Count Fathom*,) yet he seems incompetent to delineate with minuteness and fidelity the grand aspect of nature on the deep. He endeavours

indeed frequently to do this; but his descriptions resemble more the style of a writer labouring in his study, than that of a man whose imagination had been excited by the sublime influences of the scene. His 'tempests' and 'battles' are not exhibited for the grandeur inherent in themselves, but are made subservient to a display of incidents connected with his own individual profession; for example, what he terms the hurricane in *Roderick Random*, is briefly despatched in order that 'Poor Jack Rattlin,' who had fallen from the main-yard-arm, at the expense of a broken leg, should be brought below to the surgeon for an operation. All the circumstances contingent upon this accident are described with minute detail, and are unquestionably very interesting. Again, in his 'battles' the reader's attention is not so much engaged by the impending fate of the hostile ships, as by the display of knives, bandages, tourniquets, and all the paraphernalia of marine surgery,—'a terrible show.' This proves that even a great man (and

Smollett is truly such) may occasionally smell of the shop.

We have already spoken of the Doctor's tendency to exaggeration[1]; and, that we may not be thought to accuse him rashly, let us cite one of the scenes wherein this tendency will be readily apparent. It is from *Roderick Random*.—We must premise that Captain Oakum had tyrannically commanded the 'sick' of his ship to be reviewed on the quarter-deck.

"This inhuman order shocked us extremely,

[1] "It is remarkable," says a contemporary critic, "that Sir Walter Scott, in his *Biographical Memoirs* of British Novelists, should have selected for eulogy a circumstance which every seaman must ridicule."—"Fielding," says Sir Walter, "has no passage which approaches in sublimity to the robber scene in *Count Fathom*, or the terrible description of a sea engagement, in which *Roderick Random sits chained and exposed on the poop*, without the power of motion, or exertion, *during the carnage* of a tremendous engagement." Vol. III. p. 198.

'Every seaman well knows that nothing more unlikely could have occurred before a battle than deliberately to incapacitate and expose to danger one of the two men on whose surgical assistance the lives of so many of the crew, including that of the captain himself, would depend.'

as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger of their lives; but, as we likewise knew it would be to no purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body to see this extraordinary muster; Morgan observing by the way, that the captain was going to send to the other world a great many evidences to testify against himself. When we appeared upon deck, the captain bade the doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of b——s, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the King's provision, and encourage idleness in the skulkers. The surgeon grinned approbation, and, taking the list, began to examine the complaints of each as they could crawl to the place appointed. The first who came under his cognizance was a poor fellow just freed of a fever, which had weakened him so much that he could hardly stand. Mr. Mackshane (for that was the doctor's name) having felt his pulse, protested he

was as well as any man in the world; and the captain delivered him over to the boatswain's mate, with orders that he should receive a round dozen at the gangway immediately, for counterfeiting himself sick: but, before the discipline could be executed, the man dropped down on the deck, and had well nigh perished under the hands of the executioner. The next patient to be considered, laboured under a quartan ague, and, being then in his interval of health, discovered no other symptoms of distemper than a pale meagre countenance and emaciated body; upon which he was declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatswain; but, being resolved to disgrace the doctor, *died* upon the forecastle next day during his cold fit. The third complained of a pleuritic stitch and spitting of blood, for which Dr. Mackshane prescribed exercise at the *pump to promote expectoration;* but whether this was improper for one in his situation, or that it was used to excess, I know not, but in less than half an hour he was *suffocated*

with a deluge of blood that issued from his lungs. A fourth with much difficulty climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with monstrous ascites of dropsy, that invaded his chest so much he could scarce fetch his breath; and his disease being interpreted into fat, occasioned by *idleness* and *excess* of *eating*," (doubtless on banyan days when the foremast-man so sumptuously fares,) " he was ordered, with a view to promote perspiration and enlarge his chest, to go aloft immediately. It was in vain for this unwieldy wretch to allege his utter incapacity; the boatswain's driver was commanded to whip him up with the cat-o'-nine-tails: the smart of this application made him exert himself so much, that he actually arrived at the futtock-shrouds; but, when the enormous weight of his body had nothing else to support it than his weakened arms, either out of spite or necessity, he quitted his hold and *plumped into the sea*, where he must have been drowned, had not a sailor, who was in a boat alongside, saved his life by keeping

him afloat till he was hoisted on board by a tackle.

" It would be tedious and disagreeable to describe the fate of every miserable object that suffered by the inhumanity and ignorance of the captain and surgeon, who so wantonly sacrificed the lives of their fellow-creatures. *Many were brought up in the height of fevers*, and rendered *delirious* by the *injuries* they received in the way. *Some gave up the ghost* in the *presence* of their *inspectors;* and others, who were ordered to their duty, languished a few days at work among their fellows, and then departed without any ceremony."

That for too long a period it had been a practice prevalent in the navy to muster the sick on deck, we readily admit; but we unhesitatingly assert, that at no time of the service, even in the most tyrannical days, (and there is no denying that those of Smollett were certainly the worst,) could such a series of cool atrocities by any possibility have been perpetrated; the officers would

have remonstrated, or the crew would have mutinied: flesh and blood, in short, could not have borne it, but would indignantly have asserted the rights of humanity, and forced the cowardly despot to 'walk the plank.' There are times and sufferings under the pressure of which it is difficult to wait the tardy retribution of the law. But a mere violation of probability did not deter Smollett from indulging a desire to satirise the 'Service,' which it has been often said he detested. This wilfulness of purpose breaks out indeed in all his works[1]. Whatever he seems inclined to say, he says plainly and recklessly. There are passages in all his novels, especially in Roderick Random, which no other than himself, not even Fielding, would have dared to put forth. Talk of a 'Family Shakspeare' indeed! —we wish good Mr. Bowdler had directed his purifying operations to the works of our physician; for we know, and so does every one else,

[1] Again in Roderick Random.

that no books are more freely put into the hands of youth, by well-meaning persons too, than the works of the novelists.

With reference to his propensity to caricature, it may not be superfluous to allude to the extravagant dress in which Smollett has thought proper to attire Captain Whiffle upon the occasion of his going on board to supersede Oakum in the command of his ship :—"A *white* hat, garnished with a *red* feather, adorned his head, from whence his hair flowed upon his shoulders in ringlets, tied behind with a ribbon. His coat, consisting of *pink*-coloured *silk*, lined with white, by the elegance of the cut retired backward, as it were, to discover a white satin waistcoat, embroidered with gold, unbuttoned at the upper part to display a brooch set with garnets, that glittered in the breast of his shirt, which was of the finest cambric, edged with right Mechlin: the knees of his *crimson velvet breeches* scarce descended so low as to meet his silk stockings, which rose without spot or wrinkle on his meagre

legs from shoes of *blue* maroquin, studded with diamond buckles that flamed forth rivals to the sun! A steel-hilted sword, inlaid with gold, and decked with a knot of ribbon which fell down in a rich tassel, equipped his side; and an amber-headed cane hung dangling from his wrist. But the most remarkable parts of his furniture were, a *mask* on his *face*, and white gloves on his hands, which did not seem to be put on with an intention to be pulled off occasionally, but were fixed with a curious *ring* on the *little finger* of each hand." So that it was not, as the Frenchman says in the song, 'on his ring he wore a *fingere*,' but on his glove he wore a ring; or, as Jack would say, he wore a ring '*over all.*'

This is a dress which Smollett might indeed have seen among the fancy characters at a Ranelagh masquerade, but which could not by any possibility have been exhibited on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, however ridi-

culous and contemptible the character of the wearer.

It is true that in the days of Smollett, *Jack* himself was rather 'rumly rigged.' A little low cocked-hat, a 'pea-jacket' (a sort of cumbrous Dutch-cut coat); a pair of 'petticoat trowsers' not much unlike a Highland kilt, tight stockings with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes, constituted his amphibious 'fit-out;' he had no tail; but, excepting this useful deprivation, no costume could be less adapted for a seaman's work. Fancy a man in this attire at the mast-head sending down a to'-gallant-yard, or hauling-out a weather-earing in a close-reef topsail breeze.—The tar of Trafalgar was another guess sort of fellow—his jacket was short and succinct, and though his tail, half-mast down his back, brought him up now and then with a round-turn, he had no useless coat-skirts to be caught in the sheeve of a block,—an accident by which his predecessor in the days of Benbow not unfrequently

lost what he called his 'precious limbs.' Let him only be taut about the stern, and our Trafalgarian (for Jack, out of a horror of any thing military, despises suspenders) cares not how loose his trowsers may be from fork to foot.

We have spoken freely of what has struck us to be defects in the naval portion of Smollett's comic romances. We must not omit however to allude to the very masterly sketch of Commodore Trunnion. Having ventured to object to certain passages as unworthy of the general skill of the writer, let us specify some of those which manifest his genuine vein of comedy. In this way nothing can be better than the out-bursting of Trunnion's feelings on hearing that one of his juniors had been made a peer of the realm. The speech is too *good* for quotation; but it is perfect in its way, whether considered as a manifestation of professional pique, or as illustrative of the weakness of the human heart. By the way it is worthy of notice, that when the scene is afloat, as in *Ro-*

derick Random, Smollett's style and feelings seem to partake of the uncomfortable state of things inseparable we fear from a life at sea, especially as regards the junior officers, among whom the doctor's experience was gained. His pen therefore seems to have been dipped in gall and bilge-water. Nothing short of satirising and abusing the Service will content him; but when his naval heroes are settled comfortably in shore-retirement, as in *Peregrine Pickle*, the spleen of the writer vanishes; all is jocose and kindly on his part, and, for the life of him, he cannot delineate any worse traits in his seamen than those which may be safely said to come under the head of amiable eccentricities.

NOTES

FOR

NAVAL MAXIMS.

(Found in the Pocket-book of a Post Captain.)

No. I.

In national disputes.—Parleys to be courted and protocols increased;—both to be considered as signals preparatory to battle. *Mem.*—Paper pellets formidable weapons of war—thirty-two pounders pacific pills.

No. II.

Neutral treaties.—To be shunned as sunken dangers.

No. III.

In Parliament.—On nautical topics observe a passive and dignified silence.—The discussion of naval affairs and maritime matters to be left solely to landsmen.

No. IV.

In Town.—If a member of a club, blackball all candidates of reputed abilities. N.B. 'Long-headed fellows, all the jaw to themselves.' *Mum.*—Not that talent is always contagious.

No. V.

Ditto.—Should 'employment' be sought, announce appointment in a morning ministerial paper, and contradict same in an evening oppo-

sition print. *Mum.*—Comments, claims, long services, neglected merit.

No. VI.

In Society.—When conversing with ladies, interlard your discourse with a double allowance of technical terms;—this will denote your profession, and confirm the fact of your "having been to sea to learn manners." *Mem.*—An occasional 'Damme' may not be amiss—oaths indicate manliness, and carry weight with the women.

No. VII.

In command.—Should you be a flag-officer, neglect not to favour the fleet with a ceaseless succession of signals, monotonous movements, new circulars, and old orders. In the concoction of official papers, verbose ambiguity to be studiously sought. *Mum.*—Flag pass for a long-headed fellow.

No. VIII.

To avoid the appearance of official stiffness or dulness at dinner, relax in the recital of an occasional '*joe*.' N.B.—Lest joke be lost, or wit unseen, secretary to roar aloud and force a laugh.

No. IX.

If a captain—fix the officers' dinner hour as the prudent period to retire on shore or return to the ship. N.B.—By disturbing comfort of inferiors, increase your own consequence and lessen their's.

No. X.

In the performance of evolutionary duties, patronize noise, and blink at bellowing. *Mum.* —Proves that 'the people' are not tongue-tied, and each has a '*voice*' afloat.

No. XI.

Standing orders to exceed a thousand. *Mum.*

—The more multitudinous the less contradictory.

No. XII.

Should intelligence be sought by signal, communicate through the medium of 'vocabulary code.' *Mem.*—Keep superior in suspense and self in *good temper.*

No. XIII.

Sailing orders to be kept *secret.* *Mum.*—Mystification adds to importance and commands respect.

No. XIV.

In sickness.—Blue pills and black doses.—Leaf torn.

JACK'S ECCENTRICITIES.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

THE parsimonious habits of a late distinguished admiral have frequently afforded subject for merriment afloat. The story of 'poor piggy *must* die,' is well known in the navy, and may here serve to identify the name of the departed chief.

In 'taking care of number one,' Sir John was

unique; and in the practice of domestic economy Lady E—— herself might not have despised the veteran's tuition.

Wherever he was employed as port-admiral, a portion of the flag-ship's crew was daily despatched with the dawn to milk the cows, 'start the pigs[1],' and stuff the turkeys. The bravest on board were converted into *cow-herds;* and there was hardly a boy on the 'books' who had not undertaken the duty of a dog; or who had not, at some period of the day, 'looked sheepish' in watching the admiral's flock. Sentinels selected from the after-guard and waist had to keep the cows in clover, and a 'bright look-out' that bipeds did not trample on the grass, or in any way permit the cattle to be disturbed at their meals.

[1] The late surgeon Wadd observes, in his *Comments* on *Corpulency* and *Leanness*, that "among the most singular propositions for fattening the person that our inquiries have furnished us with, that of *flagellation* is the most whimsical." In the *Artificial Changeling* we read, that the Magones were wont to adopt this practice, to make their bodies more *fat* for sale.

It once happened that an Irish waister had been personally directed by the admiral to enforce his commands, 'that no person whatever should walk upon the grass, and that *nothing* but cows should be seen upon the lawn.'

A lady in full feather approached the sentinel on the sward.

"Keep off there!" cried Pat—"keep off!"

"Pray, Sir," exclaimed the mortified dame, "Pray do you know who *I* am?"

"Saurra—know," rejoined Pat.

"Not know *me*, Sir?"

"The divil a-know."

"Not the admiral's *wife*, Sir?"

"Not *I*—all I know is, you're not one of the admiral's *cows!*"

GOOD PILOTAGE.

Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy *naïveté* and blunders by means of which they endeavour to extricate themselves.

A captain of a man-of-war, newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution in 'beating out' of harbour, to apprize the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and therefore he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of the ship.

"You are perfectly sure, pilot," said the captain, "you are well acquainted with the coast?"

"Do I know my own name, Sir?"

"Well, mind, I warn you not to approach too near the shore."

"Now, make yoursel' *asy*, Sir: in troth you may go to bed if you plase."

"Then shall we stand on?"

"Why,—what else wou'd we do?"

"Yes, but there *may* be hidden dangers which you know nothing about."

"Dangers?—I like to see dangers *dar* hide themselves from Mick. Sure, don't I tell you I know every rock on the coast?" *(here the ship strikes)*—"and that's one of 'em!"

JACK A PUNSTER.

Anxious to avoid a recurrence of the many riotous scenes, and, too often, distressing disasters which, upon a former occasion, took place at our several sea-port towns, government took the praiseworthy precaution, upon paying-off ships at the commencement of the present peace, to provide vessels for the purpose of conveying our seamen, free of expense, to the sea-ports nearest their respective homes. However considerate this arrangement might be, it was by no means relished by *Jack*, inasmuch as it was felt to be a controul over his purse and person, which in peace time, he was not prepared to expect.

At most ports, the measure was unpopular; but in the '*river*' it was received with increased dissatisfaction. The seamen paid off from the ships at Deptford and Woolwich, were taught to believe by the publicans, slop-sellers, and other *disinterested* supporters of the '*constitution*,' that

the act, to say the least of it, was an infringement upon the liberty of the subject. The ship's company of the L——e were advised by the '*liberals*' of Woolwich 'to enter their protest against so illegal a proceeding;' and a fore-topman of the name of Toms, who upon all occasions was ready to 'argufy the topic' was deputed to appeal to the first lieutenant in their favour. In the usual roundabout way, Toms thus opened the proceedings:—

"I axes your pardon, Sir, but the ship's company desires me to say, they doesn't like this here business at all."

"What business?" asked the lieutenant.

"Why this here cramming us in craft, for all the world like new-prest men in a tender."

"Well, my man, it's the admiral's order."

"Yes, Sir; but when the admiral strikes *his* flag, *he's* never refused liberty to land; and now the pennant's down, he's never no right to stop our leave, and prevent us spending our money like men!"

"It's too late now," returned the lieutenant, "nor can the order be now recalled even by Sir Home Popham himself."

"I tells you what it is, Sir,—I don't know what the admiral can call or recall, but I knows this, instead of calling him Sir 'Home Popham, they ought to call him Sir *Pop 'em Home!*"

TOO MUCH OF ONE THING.

Upon the return of the *Temeraire* into Hamoaze after the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar, (in which brilliant affair, be it observed, no ship took a more conspicuous part,) two of the seamen obtained (as it is technically termed) 'leave to go ashore on liberty.'—The day happened to be Sunday, and as the 'liberty-men' were landed during the performance of divine service, when all the public-houses, not excepting the '*Two Jolly Tars*,' were closed to their best customers,—the *Jacks*, to their great discomfiture, found there was more of a 'stopper

clapt upon their *liberty* than they had bargained for on leaving the barkey.' Their object, however, was to kill time, and, as they had nothing else for it, one of the tars, who was in every sense of the word a more *curious* fellow than his companion, proposed 'bearing-up for the nearest church,' in order to ascertain 'the difference 'twixt the rigging and palaver of a methody parson, and the togs and talk of a reg'lar-built battle-ship preacher.'

With this view the Jacks 'put into a methody chapel' in the vicinity of the little village of Stoke. The parson had commenced his sermon, and mentioned, as he proceeded in his discourse, the words 'glorious victory,' on which the projector of this reconnoitring trip, whose head was full of the *Temeraire* and the battle of Trafalgar, observed to his shipmate, "Hark, Jem! there's the *Victory*."

The preacher, like many of his ranting brethren, was often at a stand for ideas, and was compelled to iterate one word many times

to fill up the interval during which he was waiting for fresh supplies of thought.—The word '*victory*' was therefore pronounced a second time.—"Hollo, Jem! tally there again," said the tar in a somewhat more audible tone. Not long after, the extemporaneous 'expounder of the Gospel,' still hard-up for language, ejaculated the word '*victory*' a third time, when the irritated tar, again addressing his equally mortified messmate, audibly exclaimed, "—— my eyes, Jem, if I can stand it any longer!—There's three times, because, you see, *she* happened to be the *flag*-ship, that that there black-looking, blarneying beggar has lugged in the *Victory*, and never, no, not as much as once, touched on the saucy *Temeraire*—*We*, as was in the hottest part o' the business, and took two ships to our own cheek!—Come along out o' this—cut and run.—I always told you these here straight-haired chaps was a parcel o' lying lubbers."

TAKING IT EASY.

On the morning after the mutiny broke out on board the *T——e*, in Beerhaven, upon the peace of Amiens, but which, by the intrepidity and firmness of Rear-Admiral Campbell and his officers, was quickly suppressed, the ship's company of the *Vengeance* (74), who had for some days been in secret and seditious intercourse with the crew of the former, were seen before the time usually allowed for breakfast had expired 'coming aft in a body.' The lieutenant and two midshipmen of the watch were the only officers at the time upon deck; the rest were at breakfast below; but when the captain, who was reading in his cabin, perceived the men crowding *en masse* on the quarter-deck, he quietly arose from his seat, and, with book in hand and head uncovered, came out upon deck, and coolly inquired their 'business.'

"Why, Sir," said the captain of the forecastle, who acted on the occasion as spokesman,

" we hears as how the ship's ordered abroad—the West Ingees, they say—and the ship's company wishes to know whether it's true, or no more nor a galley-packet; for you see, Sir, in time o' peace, they doesn't altogether look upon it as a fair matter 'twixt man and man, to be sent out o' the land."

" 'Pon my word," replied the captain; " this is the first intimation I've had of the matter—but all I know is this, whether East or West Indies, wherever I'm ordered, I go; and wherever *I go, you go!*—Come, come—down below—down, my lads, your cocoa's cooling," good humouredly added the undaunted Duff, returning into his cabin, without once looking behind to see if the ship's company had dispersed and followed his advice.

Pleased with the manly candour of their captain, the tars retired with a murmur.

The conduct of both captain and crew was duly appreciated by the Lords of the Admiralty, for, though subsequently sent to the West Indies,

the ship was not disgraced, as others of the squadron were, by having a ringleader hung at her fore-yard-arm, on the day when, by the sentence of a court martial, six out of sixteen of the *T——e's* misguided and mutinous crew at Spithead forfeited their lives in the face of the fleet.

The well-known anecdote [1] told of the late Admiral Cornwallis, when in command of the *Canada* (74), might, in addition to the foregoing, be adduced to prove that in cases of premeditated mutiny, a good-humoured coolness, an

[1] The *Canada's* ship's company addressed a 'round-robin' to their commander, wherein they declared, to a man, that they would not fire a gun till they were paid.—Captain Cornwallis, on the receipt of the letter, 'turned the hands up,' and thus laconically harangued them.—"My lads, the ship will be paid when we return to port; and, as to your not fighting, I only hope we may fall-in with the largest first-rate out of France—for I'm positive the devil himself could not *keep* you from tearing her to pieces!"—The *Jacks* were so tickled with this tar-like compliment, that they one and all returned to their duty, perfectly satisfied with themselves and their captain.

apparent *sang-froid* of manner, will sometimes do more with *Jack* than all the marines under arms with ball and bayonet:—the one, naturally acting on and humouring the buoyant spirit of the tar, stifles sedition; his fancy being tickled, he forgets his grievances, whether imaginary or real, and his better feelings imperceptibly predominate; whilst the other method only tends to confirm mutinous thoughts, and leads, if not at once to open rupture, to a continuance of sour and dissatisfied feelings not easily allayed;—for, though an officer should be always prepared to meet any disaster, *mutiny* should be the last thing he should *show* his ship's company he expected.

A

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BY WHICH

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IMPORTANT as this medium of communication has been ever considered to a maritime power, it is singular how little of the science of Signals —for such it may justly be called—is really understood in the navy. This remark may, at the

[1] By Rear-Admiral Raper.—Reviewed.

outset, startle the professional reader, who, perhaps, will pronounce it a gratuitous assumption; but we rather imagine, the observations which appear in the work before us, together with those we have ourselves to offer on the subject, will not tend to strengthen the too prevalent opinion that hitherto Naval Signals have arrived at any degree of perfection—nor can we lend our assent to the recorded assurance of a professional writer, that, in their "progressive improvement, they have advanced at a rapid rate." We fearlessly assert the reverse, and therefore it is, that we shall ever regret when impediments are thrown in the path of their progress.

At the close of the American war they were comparatively useless; for, through their medium, it was as difficult to command as to communicate. At that period, Vice-Adm. Kempenfeldt undertook their revision; but, notwithstanding the various improvements introduced by that indefatigable officer, still the system was common place, and wretchedly defective.

The code of signals introduced in 1793 was the first in which flags had been made the representatives of figures.—Number *one* was a red flag; *two*, white with a blue rectangular cross; *three*, blue-white-blue, vertically; *four*, yellow, with a narrow black border at top and bottom; *five*, quartered red-and-white; and so on in numerical order.

Capable as these numbers were of extensive combination, it is a positive fact, that the highest number expressive of purport in the flag-code of 1793 was only 184. There was also a separate code for the use of 'private ships.' This was called the 'tabular code;' and a more unmeaning medium of communication was never conceived.

In 1799 the 'general code' underwent another alteration; 'private ships' were furnished with flags, and each captain was entrusted with a copy of the Admiralty code. As the war advanced, it became necessary to increase the 'general code.' Significations (nor were they

altogether of a local nature) were constantly added by the different commanders on different stations. This created confusion; the blanks filled up by Cornwallis were unknown to Nelson; and a 'stranger from the Straits' ran considerable risk of being a '*stranger*' in reality to the signals of the Channel Chief. The fact is, we may say with the poet, we but

"Lisp'd in numbers,"

until the work of our great lexicographer was pressed into the service, and promoted to a telegraph-book. This was in 1803; and since which period, from the unfortunate circumstance of each captain finding more *words* than men at command, an alarming loquacity has prevailed afloat.

But to be serious. The Johnsonian system—or rather be it called the Popham-code[1]—was

[1] It would appear by the following note in Gower's "*Theory and Practice of Seamanship*," that Sir Home Popham was not the original inventor of the telegraph code. "This mode,"

not unattended with evil; nay, it was constantly abused. The 'general signals' were deserted for the Telegraph-book, which, if fortunate enough to have escaped being plundered by the pirates [1] on the poop, was sure to be made the medium of indiscriminate, and, too often, indis-

says Mr. Gower, "of communicating significations, and even a complete language, is the invention of the author, and was first published in the second edition of his '*Seamanship*' in 1796. Having quitted the sea service since the year 1802, the author was not aware that a telegraph of this kind has been introduced into the navy, under the patronage of Government, until accidentally explaining his invention to a naval friend, and setting forth the advantages to be derived by secret information, he was informed, to his astonishment, that the thing was already done, by the recent introduction of *Sir Home Popham's* telegraph signals. The author himself cannot for an instant suppose, that Sir Home Popham would take merit for the invention of another; but as thought is the prerogative of man, the thoughts of Sir Home may run, by chance, parallel with the thoughts of the author. At the same time it must be observed, that had the author possessed sufficient influence to have introduced *his* telegraph signals previous to the introduction of *Sir Home's*,—Sir Home's would have remained dormant, and the author would have reaped whatever merit is attached to them."—Third edition of Gower's "*Seamanship*," p. 208.

[1] Chaplain, marine officers, and midshipmen.

creet communication. Private prattle and public orders were together seen flying in the face of the fleet; and as it was but natural a 'sharper look-out' should be kept on the one than the other, curiosity sometimes succeeded in defeating discipline and delaying duty.

This irregularity partly proceeded from the admitted inefficacy of the general signals. The orders of an admiral should emanate entirely from the *Admiralty code;* and the system, indeed, must be sadly defective, if the movements and manœuvres of a fleet cannot, all, be directed through its medium. The 'Telegraph' should be resorted to as seldom as possible. One number is sooner answered than fifty. Brevity is as much the soul of business, as of wit: consequently, the sooner an order is conveyed, the sooner it can be carried into effect.

Imperfect as was the code of 1799, it lived out the war and part of the peace. In 1816 it was 'returned into store,' and superseded by Popham's complicated code. Sir Home's signals

were 'reported' as applicable to all purposes afloat; and no small boon was bestowed on the inventor. But notwithstanding the report and the premium, experience pronounced them imperfect.

The signals before us are the production of an officer, who has long devoted his talents to the science:—they appear to be founded on a system peculiarly his own—at once clear-sighted and clever—embracing considerations, and providing for contingencies, too long overlooked in our Admiralty codes.

Comparing them with Popham's, we find that Admiral Raper employs twenty-three symbols less than his late competitor. This in itself is gaining a point of no mean importance, inasmuch as a multiplicity of flags leads to *obscurity*, in more senses than one.

In a short but pithy 'explanation' of his system, Admiral R. makes the following just observation:

"The inefficiency of the *colours* of signals being universally admitted, it seems surprising that they should so long have continued to be the only distinction, particularly when it is considered that the flags and pendants, by their respective positions, present the most perfect distinction that can be found; for it is evident that a flag *over* a pendant cannot, under any circumstance, be mistaken for a flag *under* a pendant, while the symbols themselves are discernible. This, then," adds our author, "is the principle of the system."

But to explain it more fully:

By the manner in which the Admiral has classified his code, the *leading* subject of the signal is announced by a specific combination of symbols; a due consideration being given to the *character* and *importance* of the purport. For instance—'Signals by ships *in chase*,' are made by a flag *over* a pendant. How much better this, than a long flight of flags partly concealed by your

'canvass aloft[1]—or if not so hoisted, separated in halves at each mast-head. Again, 'Signals *to* ships *in chase*,' by a flag *under* a pendant. In like manner, 'danger and distress' are instantly recognized by symbolic combinations peculiarly striking.

Hence it is obvious, so long as a flag can be distinguished from a pendant, combinations cannot possibly be mistaken for each other.

Class I. "Contains the signals for Tacking, Wearing, and others of the most frequent occurrences under sail."—These come under the head of '*Signals by the Admiral or Senior officer.*'—"The combination which distinguishes this class is two flags," and which, says Admiral Raper, "is selected for its convenience in blowing weather."—So far so good,—nothing can be better.

[1] Ships in chase have been often compelled to clew-up their royals and top-gallant sails, so as to afford a full view of their flags; when, perhaps, it was of as much moment to 'carry sail' as to communicate to the admiral.

CLASS II.—Is, in some measure, a continuation of Class I. and "contains the remainder of the signals for general purposes, which are of less importance than the preceding"—"The combination," (we quote the Admiral,) "is composed of three flags:—the numbers begin with No. 101, and continue to No. 500—this number being more than sufficient for every purpose that can be required of them."

For the latter reason we suggest the propriety of never employing numbers that require to be expressed by *substitute* symbols; for example—11, 22, 222,—33, 333,—44, 444, &c. &c.—It is true in 500 numbers more than *one* hundred are lost; but *four* will be found sufficient for every possible purpose; and if not, it would be better to add a hundred, or even *two* more, than employ either of the two substitutes, in 'signals made by the admiral.' Besides, they are not only differently *shaped* from the numeral flags, but one, the *first* substitute we find, is assigned to the combination belonging to the 'Compass

signals[1].' We *may* be wrong; but we nevertheless throw out the suggestion.

Colours may not be perceptible; still, by our author's system, so long as the *combination* continues conspicuous, the class, or subject of the signal, is decided; and nothing remains to be ascertained but the number immediately pertaining to the purport[2]. This is effected by means of the distant signal, of which we shall presently speak.

[1] An *oversight* of no small importance appears in this portion of the present Admiralty code. The *numerical* flags are employed to indicate the *points* of the compass. A pendant over number *five* indicates N.E.B.E.

A danger is suddenly discovered. The ship that discovers it, desires to apprize her consort of its *immediate* 'bearing.' But this announcement cannot be effected. The flag number *five*, is employed to express the previous purport, 'Danger *in the direction* pointed out by *compass signal.*' Consequently, as private ships have only *one* set of flags, the most important part of the purport of the signal, is necessarily reserved for a *second* operation. The ship is *ashore* before the *compass signal* can be made.—That is to say if young officers be ignorant (and many undoubtedly are so) of the precautionary practice of '*heaving about*' on the instant the *general* purport of danger be answered.

[2] In other words, the *form* under which a signal is displayed declares the *class* or subject to which it refers.

Hitherto purports of the first consequence were not infrequently preceded or followed by one of comparative unimportance.—'*Ship standing into danger*,' preceded perhaps—'*Ship's company has time to dine*,'—a signal possibly suggested by some sympathizing member of the '*Victualling Board*,' who, doubtless, considered it a sin to consign *Jack* to 'Davy Jones' upon an empty stomach.

Incalculable mischief may result from signals so totally regardless of classification.—For example,—Suppose that some four leagues to leeward of a fleet, a frigate is seen with three flags flying at the main—the number of the signal 343—the purport '*Sprung a leak, and in want of assistance—tho' not of immediate.*'—Well—the flags 3 and 4 are with difficulty made out by the nearest 'repeater.'—At length in the *lower* flag the mere *colours* of blue and white become, at times, barely distinguishable.—Though differently disposed, both these colours will be found in number *two* as well as number *three*.—Gratuitous assumptions are started—conjecture is

put to the push.— "It can't," say the officers of the 'repeater,' "be three-four-three, for that signifies, 'Ship has sprung *a leak;*' and no guns are fired indicative of *distress.*—It must," they continue—"be three-four-*two,*—'Enemy the same when last reconnoitered.'"—This settles the matter—all doubt is dispelled—the signal is probably repeated—the stranger no longer is an object of interest—she passes for one of the '*Inshore Squadron,*' a fog suddenly envelopes the fleet, and the unfortunate frigate is left to her fate.

Admiral Raper has guarded against mistakes of this nature; and particular attention appears to have been paid in the application of *opposite* combinations to *opposite* purports: for instance, 'Danger, steer to *starboard,*' is *flag* No. 6.—'Danger, steer to *Port,*' is *pendant* No. 6.

In Sir Home Popham's late code, signals of importance were neither, as respects symbolic combination, nor classification of purport, contrasted. But on the contrary, such signals were

not only made to follow each other in juxtaposition, but to resemble each other in form—the *lower* flag being the only guide to mark the difference of purport.

For example, 'Can come up with the chase without parting co.'—3—1—D. 'Can *not* come up with the chase without parting co.'—3—1—*E*. 'Bottom under 20 fathoms,'—2—5—6. 'No bottom to be got,'—2—5—7. 'In condition to renew the action,'—1—2—C. '*Not* in condition to renew the action,'—1—2—*D*. 'Ship is in shoal water'—2—6—D. 'Ship is on *fire*,'—2—6—*E*. As if so close the affinity between the two elementary dangers, that the difference could only be marked by a solitary letter. Besides, a 'ship in shoal-water' may have to *haul* her wind—on fire, it may be necessary to put her *before* it. But at all events, in no instance should a *negative* purport follow an affirmative signal.

Indeed, before now, we have known the signal-man of the fleet all at sea upon the subject of Orthography. Some, like Matthews's singer,

had 'lost their G;' others had found an F, whilst the majority, to prove their title, (for of course, according to Sir H., they were all men of letters,) were constantly exclaiming with Hamlet —'To be or *not* to be:' and in their own 'sea of troubles,' equally perplexed with the Prince, to 'decide the question.' Not that the Tars were quite so distracted as the Dane; for Men-of-warsmen are not permitted to be mad; moreover, mock-madness is cured with the cat.

But to 'mind our course.'

"No flags or pendants," says the Admiral, "are admitted into this system, but such as serve for numeral purposes. The flags and pendants hitherto used, such as 'Interrogative'—'Preparative,'—'Numeral,'—'Telegraph,'—'Orthographical,' &c., are wholly dispensed with; these respective significations, being provided for in a different manner, as is shown in their proper places."

Speaking of the inutility of the 'Interrogative,' he observes—

"As certain combinations are assigned to the exclusive use of the Admiral, if a ship in the fleet employs any one of them in his presence, with or without her own distinguishing pendants, it becomes at once interrogative; and the same argument applies to the signals assigned to the use of the ships of the fleet when employed by the Admiral. Thus, for example,—the signal which signifies—'I can come up with the chase, without parting company,' when addressed by the Admiral to a ship *in chase*, demands of the chaser whether he can come up with the chase without parting company: by this means, the whole of the signals are rendered interrogative without employing an additional symbol; and thus interrogation, when colours fail, which has never before been practicable, is expressed by the distant signals with the same facility as any other communications."

The above named pendants we should have long since 'condemned as unfit for service;'—and only that the surgeons of the navy have always objected to bunting bandages, we should have slit them into regular lengths, and consigned them to Haslaar. With respect to the 'preparative,' we cannot altogether assent to the total rejection of that flag. On this subject says the Admiral—

"The frequent and unnecessary employment of a preparative flag having made it a matter of doubt when the signal itself was to be hauled down, in this plan the hauling down of the signal directs the execution of it; as in fact it always has done when it was not accompanied by the preparative flag.—There are few services requiring preparation which have not already specific signals assigned to them,— such as 'prepare for action'—'prepare to anchor,' &c.; and therefore when an operation, not provided for in this manner, is to be executed, preparation for that purpose will be intimated by hoisting a ship's

pendent[1] *under* the signal, to denote that it is then shown only preparatory."

Here we differ from the Admiral.—In the first place a ship's pendant, even of the widest description—the 'regular dock-yard-cut'—is much too narrow to be seen at a distance; and, in the second,—in the event of a calm, too 'long and lazy' to be extended by a 'stretcher.' We therefore suggest to the Admiral the propriety of employing the *cypher* flag to mark a preparative purport not previously provided for in the general code. By this arrangement the uniformity of his system would not be disturbed, nor an additional symbol added to the code. Nor need there be any doubt on the subject of 'directing the execution of the signal.' If the interval be distant, ere the execution of the signal be required, repeating it as heretofore, *without* the preparative, would answer every

[1] The lengthy pendant, worn by men-of-war at the mast-head, to distinguish them from merchantmen.

possible purpose. And if the time of action be immediate, '*dipping*,' the preparative might serve as a caution ere marking the moment of execution by hauling down the 'general number.'

These are not hypercriticisms: we can assure the Rear-Admiral our remarks are offered as friendly suggestions.

"Some useful signals," says the Admiral, in the explanation of his system, "may probably have been omitted, and other imperfections may be discovered by the professional reader, more attention having been bestowed, on perfecting the system itself than on minor arrangements of the signal book, which would have undergone revision had it been adopted."

And the Admiral might have added that had his code been put to the test of practical proof, improvements, as to both the cut and colour of his flags, would probably have suggested themselves. But so far as relates to the 'system itself,' we have little hesitation in asserting, it comes nearer to perfection than any we have ever yet seen.

It is simple, well conceived, and well digested; and works its *own* way out of every apparent perplexity. There is nothing left to chance, and few objections can be started which are not met by considerations, evincing considerable forethought and professional precaution.

The Admiral, and we shall follow his example, reminds the reader that—

"Care has been taken to adopt the most simple and conspicuous combinations to the most important subjects: for this reason the *single* flags and pendants are each assigned to communications of the most consequence."

This distinction (so valuable on every consideration) was sacrificed sadly in Popham's signals—and why?—Merely to allow the telegraphic code to begin with flag number *four*. Had all the combinations of *two* symbols been assigned to the 'general signals' only, more than half of those numbers which had been expressed by three, (and many were of sufficient importance to have demanded a distinction so material)

would have been expressed by only *two*. Nor was the telegraph book free from similar defects, for all the combinations relating to 'board,' 'chase,' 'bearing and distance,' 'enemy,' 'intelligence,' 'reconnoitre,' 'reinforce,' 'sound,' 'stranger,' &c., which are certainly the most important subjects on which the telegraph can be possibly employed, were expressed by three symbols, while eleven numbers by *two* symbols only were appropriated to the word '*able*.'

Many of the 'telegraph signals' were repeated from the 'general code.' Thus, not only counteracting the precision, and distinction so desirable to attain, by making the *same* signals in a certain determinate manner; but multiplying purports to an enormous and unnecessary degree.

Five and *forty* changes were rung on the verb '*do*.' Such grammatical niceties are not required in the *tarrish* tongue. Nor yet in communications by telegraph, where simple words (or at most combinations of the negative and

certain prepositions) are sufficient for every purpose required. Besides, they are not only superfluous, but detrimental, because such critical delicacies create delay, and in business of bunting,—'time should be taken by the fore-lock.'

Thirty-five numbers were assigned to the word '*if*,' of which many were expressed by *two* symbols only; thirty to the word 'have,' twenty-two to 'it,' 'should,' 'that,' 'will,' &c., &c.; which, if added together[1], would turn out a 'leader' sufficiently lengthy for a quarterly work, and certainly more prolix and prosy than our present critique. Such words as '*allurement*,' '*fascinating*,' '*fashionable*,' '*felicity*,' &c. may answer very well for the columns of the 'Morning Post,' but we question, whether the 'navy gentlemen'—or indeed, the '*gentlemen* of the navy,' (for it seems there *is* that delicate

[1] In Admiral Raper's code, four thousand useless words are rejected.

distinction,) were ever sufficiently fascinating to warrant the word in their vocabulary.

Fancy a bluff weather-beaten captain of a battle ship, repeating the following signal, flying from the mast-head of some fashionable fop from port.—'*The fascinating Mrs. F. lately eloped with Col. G. of the Guards.*'—Imagine the signalman turning his quid, as he 'bends on his tack,' and d——g sky-high the fascinating fair 'for a-follo in the sogers.'—But to turn to the Admiral's

TELEGRAPH.

"The increase of flags and pendants required for the Telegraph," (he observes) "has introduced such confusion in their colours, that the signals can no longer be distinguished so far off as they could be formerly; and there being no distinction but colour between the telegraph and the other signals, it follows that signals of consequence are liable to be mistaken for telagraphic communications of little or no importance;" and

again, "The addition of so many flags and pendants, has not only destroyed the simplicity of the numeral method, but causes great delay and confusion in selecting them as they are wanted for use, when the deck is covered with them."

This absurd, and indeed we may add, expensive superfluity of flags and pendants, owes its origin solely to the unnecessary amalgamation of letters and numbers. Telegraphing by Popham's code, we have seen as much bunting strewed upon the deck of a ten-gun brig, as would nearly suffice to dress a three-decker for a Royal visit. Letters and numbers lay mingled together; B, blushing for the blunders of C, and C trampled under foot for usurping the place of *Four*. The scene was one of fun and confusion—captain cursing the code—lieutenants averring it harder to work than a lunar—and the master d——g it for regular algebra.

The *algebraic* system, as it may be designated, the Admiral properly rejects; and by num-

bers alone produces, without availing himself of the elaborate auxiliaries of the code lately in use, a work infinitely more copious[1], and incomparably superior in point of efficiency.

The following combinations are assigned to his telegraph:

"A pendant combined with two flags; and a flag combined with two pendants."

These combinations admit of six different forms, each form representing ten pages in the code; for example, the combination of a pendant *over* two flags, expresses all purports contained between page 1 and 10: two flags *over* a pendant, page 21 to 30, and so on, varying in form

[1] By a supplementary system of four symbols (for the admiral, except in this case, employs no more than three) 40,000 numbers are obtained; a number nearly four times as extensive as Sir H. P.'s system of telegraph and general signal together.—"Accordingly," as the Admiral observes, "by a signal for this purpose, any dictionary, vocabulary, or other book of reference whatever, may be employed. And it may be remarked that the above combinations are not more complicated than many of the chasing signals in the late code, when used interrogatively."

through the six symbolic combinations. Hence, by this plan six thousand numbers are produced, and which, as the admiral observes, "are fully adequate to express all communications of a professional or political nature."

The utility of assigning to each division of pages a specific combination is obvious, because, should colours be invisible, the distant signal not only repeats the *page*, but the *number* of the purport: the one thereby acting as a check upon the other.

In Popham's code no specific combination was assigned to the telegraph. The only guide was the *number* of the upper symbol; consequently when colours were invisible, no possible notion could be formed of the purport or importance of the signal. By the Admiral's system, so long as the combination is distinct, (we are unavoidably compelled to repeat the remark,) the class or subject of the signal is decided; for though the gloom of the atmosphere may render the colours composing the combination of a signal totally

indistinct, yet so long as the latter presents a clear outline,—a palpable form, the difficulty of communication is at once overcome. Hence, should a pendant between two flags be descried, without reference whatever to *colour*, the class is instantly known to pertain to the telegraph; and should doubt exist in the identification of the number, it is at once removed by having recourse to those admirable and truly original auxiliaries—

THE DISTANT SIGNALS.

On this important branch of the Admiral's code, he observes, that—

"It is shown in the general view, that when colours are not visible, the combinations become more perfect as Distant Signals than any that have yet appeared, because they point out, in the clearest manner, the subject of every signal as soon as a flag can be distinguished from a pendant; and, therefore, its number only re-

mains to be denoted by the Distant Signals. This peculiar quality arises out of the principle here employed, and renders the Distant Signals available for every point of service, with a certainty and expedition which have never, till now, been obtained; while those lately in use, could express no more than two hundred and fifty-six signals by a process so complicated, and liable to mistake, that they were rarely, if ever, resorted to with success."

Few in the profession will attempt to refute these remarks. For two-and-thirty years 'under the fly of a pendant,' we never had recourse to the Distant Signals. We have known what it is to be bored with bunting—we have had our eyes so tired and tortured in 'squinting at signals' in the sun, that we have shed more tears in a 'watch,' than a watery-widow would shed in a week. Colours at sun-set, sun-rise, and at times in an easterly wind, assume as many hues as a dying dolphin. Red has 'looked blue,' like ourselves; blue—white; and 'white no colour at all.'

Berge[1] was invariably beaten, and if we saw not double with Dolland, he played us the part of the pirate. What would we not have given for a patent stentor, or a forty horse-power trumpet that would have borne our words against wind, tide, glare, and gloom, and thus roared in the ear of the stranger—

"We *see* not what you mean."

Another source of embarrassment attending the employment of the distant signals, was this: the signal which denoted 'the Distant Signals will be used,' was distinguished by its colours only—under the very circumstances which declared *colours* themselves to be *invisible*. An oversight like this was not likely to have escaped the notice of the author of the Code before us, in which the same communication is conveyed by a ball, unaided by a *bull*.

To bring before the mind of the reader the mechanism of the system, we extract the illustrative example given in the Admiral's "General View:"—

[1] The celebrated optician.

"A ship charged with important intelligence, on first seeing the fleet, shows her number (932) on the list of the navy, as in fig. 1. The ship nearest to her, being too far off to distinguish colours, sees the signal as it is represented by fig. 2; and, on referring to the Signal Table, finds it is a 'ship's number.' Instead, then, of waiting till the colours become visible—a delay which has hitherto been wholly unavoidable—she immediately hoists a ball; on seeing which, the stranger hauls down her signal, and represents the number of it by the Distant Signals, as in fig. 3; and then proceeds to telegraph her intelligence with the same facility with which she made herself known."

Fig. 1.

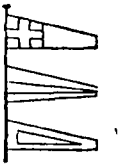
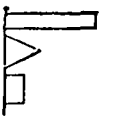


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.



This example supersedes the necessity of further description or comment. We could have

wished, however, the Admiral had made his graphic illustrations a little more 'ship-shape.'

Speaking of 'ships' numbers,' we are not altogether satisfied that the Admiral has selected the best form of combination assigned to that purpose. A ship-of-war should write her name in Capital letters, or, at all events, 'make her *mark*' in a manner sufficiently masculine to prevent the possibility of its being mistaken for the crow quill hand of a boarding-school miss: three pendants border too much upon this: they may answer very well for the Yarborough yachts—but for '*Men-of-war*' we prefer a striking character, that at once says, with the song,

"*My name you see's Tom Tough.*"

But this is of minor import; for, without disturbing materially his "General View," the Admiral could easily substitute another combination (which indeed appears a specific for all complaints in his system.) Besides, his dis-

tant signals can be always resorted to in cases of defect of vision.

On the TACTICAL part of the work we cannot now enter into critical detail; suffice it to say, that whilst Admiral Raper has exercised a sound discretion in rejecting all the obsolete and unnecessary illustrative movements with which former codes were wont to be encumbered, he has introduced essential evolutions hitherto totally untouched. We allude in particular to the 'interchange of stations by squadrons'—a manœuvre of a widely different nature from that of the interchange of single ships. It is true, (at least as far as relates to the mere mandatory part of the purport,) a signal to that effect has hitherto appeared in our Admiralty codes,—but the mode of executing the manœuvre was in no instance ever pointed out. The manner, also, in which the Admiral restores the 'order of sailing' on the wind shifting forward, appears to partake of novelty, and is deserving of attention as well on account of its simplicity as of its

tactical precision. And we are satisfied the profession at large will duly appreciate the following observations upon the propriety of placing the Commander-in-chief on the weather-beam of the fleet.

" It is most probable, that the position which the Admiral has hitherto taken, namely, that of leading the weather-division of the fleet, has occasioned tacking and wearing all the ships together to be so little practised, because by these movements he became the sternmost ship of his own division. In the first and third evolutions he is therefore placed abreast of the centre ship of the weather division, where his repeating frigate has hitherto been stationed. In this position, the fleet, however numerous, is more under his immediate observation, and he is also better seen by the ships in general: and whether he is abreast of the centre ship of the weather division on one tack, or on her weather bow on the other; his signals will always be sooner circulated, both by day and night, particularly those by blue

lights, which may, in cases of necessity, be sufficiently effective without repetition, and thus hasten the operation where expedition might be necessary.

"In foggy weather also this is the most favourable position for his signal guns being heard.

"The commanders of squadrons are to be in the centres of their respective divisions.

"This is, perhaps, a fit occasion to notice what must have been observed by every officer conversant with fleets, namely, the advantages of performing movements altogether, in preference to performing them in succession [1]. In the

[1] Such movements are not only more convenient and expeditious, but are likewise, especially in bad weather, much safer than when they are executed by the ships in succession. When movements are performed *together*, all the ships are under the same circumstances at the same moment, and hence the relative distances are liable to be only slightly disturbed.

In Rear-Admiral Ekins's Naval Battles, an anonymous correspondent observes on Admiral Cornwallis's novel manœuvre of wearing, "The signal being made by the Commander-in-chief for wearing, the second astern shortened all sail and 'manœuvred,' (a strange application, by-the-bye, of the term

former case, the danger so likely to occur from ships crossing each other in the night, is wholly

when a ship is stationary,) "so as to admit the Admiral to pass ahead of him; all sail was then made by the second astern until he had wore and gained his station astern of the Admiral. The same operation was continued in succession through the line."

To say nothing of the danger likely to occur from the headmost ships heaving-to first, especially at night, the distances of the ships from each other are by this mode of proceeding entirely thrown out. In the first instance, they are unavoidably compelled to shorten sail in order to give their respective leaders room to come round; and in the next, to carry perhaps a press of sail to gain their stations on the opposite tack.

Those officers who have served under Cornwallis, Gardiner, Cotton, and others, will remember that the interval between the first making of the signals, and the completion of the manœuvre by the sternmost ships, occupied sometimes a period of *four hours!* During the whole of this time, it was necessary to keep the "watch," and, if the weather was bad, "all hands" upon deck, consequently at night, it was exceedingly harassing to the crews of the fleet. On the contrary, by performing this movement simultaneously, the whole fleet could be brought round on the other tack in less than *ten minutes*, with very little loss of ground, and no unnecessary wear and tear of His Majesty's stores.

Although these considerations would seem definitive in favour of the latter mode, yet such was the predilection for antiquated systems, that this method was only at a late period of the war adopted by our commanders of fleets. Nor must the greater degree of tactical experience which the officers of the fleet derive by performing operations together be overlooked.

prevented; and they are besides performed with so much more expedition, that a fleet which would require an hour and a half to tack or wear in succession, would perform that movement all together in a quarter of an hour. Thus, at the relief of the watch, the time generally preferred for these operations, during the night the service may be executed by two watches, if necessary, without breaking in upon the repose of the crews."

To conclude.—Of the merits or demerits of our author's work, we shall no further speak.—Let the reader judge of both from our criticism and illustrative extracts. In our opinion, (and we feel it professionally at stake,) Admiral Raper has produced the best code of signals yet known to the Navy.

When the fleet in the order of sailing by the wind, tacks together, the ships which were before ahead and astern of each other respectively, are now thrown on a bow and quarter line, that is, on the line of bearing. In this position, it is much more difficult to preserve order; and the skill of the officers is consequently more called into action.

DIALOGUE OF THE DECK.

DIALOGUE OF THE DECK.

THE MARCH-O'-MIND; OR, INTELLECT AFLOAT.

(Scene—*A Group around the Galley of a Frigate.*)

"WELL! I'm blest if *I* knows: but I knows *this*—there's no great meanin' in a matter as has to be back'd by length o' *larnin'*.—Rest my word on it, it's no more nor a muddy matter—there's never no seein' the bottom o' the bus'ness.—Morever, a meanin's a meanin, and, if *more's*

meant, why then,—it's a regular-built double deceiver, and mischief's sure,—*sure* to be uppermost!"

"In course, Jim," responded a talkative topman; and here the reader is informed that prudential motives suggest the necessity of suppressing the *Sir-names* of all the leading interlocutors of the galley group.—In times like these, the *Black-List* is felt to be a ticklish thing; and no one knows it better than *Jack*.

"In course, Jim—in course, bo!—a straight-for'ard manly meanin' 'ill stand alone—stand the tug o' truth, as stiff as a steeple—But look here, Jim—look here, bo!—a lawyer's *lip* 'oud turn, ay, turn six-water-grog into mother's milk—once ship the coachman's wig—once clap on his clargyman's gown, and then, (that's if he sees you're afeard to face him,) then, stand clear of his well-paid prate.—Take him in trim, close-haul'd on his best pint,—*wrongin'*, you know, a regular *right, then*, see how he'll work to wind'ard o' truth—fore-reach 'upon reason, and creep, aye,

creep, for all the world, like a Mugian clipper, in the very wind's-eye of the longest law—"

"Right, Bob—right, bo!" interrupted a restless auditor, impatient to support his shipmate's assertion—"and see how he'll pick and pilfer the *sense* out o' every strand—throw it aside out o' sight—work-up unwillin' words into reg'lar junk, and clinch the whole consarn by convartin' strong sense, and stronger proof, into rascally twicelaid or rotten rumbolin'—"

"Well done, Bill!—go it, Bob!" bellowed a bye-stander, rubbing his hands with delight—"Why, the pair on ye seems to sarve 'em out!"

"Sarve 'em out!—not half as much as the fellors desarve.—We knows 'em well—doesn't we, Bob?—'Twas never for nothin' *we* comed across their hawse."

"You may say that, Bill.—*We'd* enough of their saucy sneerin' *lip*.—Long as I can sup my swizzle, I'll never, no, never forget that infarnal rascally trial—"[1]

[1] In allusion to a trial at Newcastle.

"Bob," interrupted Bill, "Bob, d' ye 'members the little short-arm'd, bandy-legg'd beggar wi' the grizzly wig—the chap wi' the copper-colour'd phiz,—or to come more nearer the mark, wi' the brass breakin' out thro' his greasy mug?"

"Remember him!—do I remember 'Billinsgate Bet?' But, see here,—and, I doesn't care where I says it,—they're the sauciest set, (I doesn't say *all*—for it must be a precious bad trade as hasn't its *good* as well as its bad)—but I says your Old Bailey birds, and the likes o' they, are the sauciest sneerin' set,—the biggest bullies, and the most barefaced fellows as ever larnt,—larnt the trade o' tormentin' man.—Look at one on 'em"—continued the Cicero of the circle, waxing warm in debate,—"one on 'em, swearin' in an opposite witness—watch his mug, an you'll see, ay, as clear as the livin' light, the mischief brewin' in his bitter brain.—See how he'll fasten his ferrit eye on a poor unprotected petticoat,—a forlorn helpless girl, half terrified out of her life, an ready to fall in a faint at the *dirty* doubt the

fellow contrives to throw in his overhaul lurking look.—Watch—when the clerk claps the Bible, the book of God, into her trembling hand,—watch *then* his double-faced phiz, when he hears her told (and perhaps himself repeats the same) to swear to the truth, the whole truth, and nothin' but the truth, at the very identical time the fellow's intent on confusin' the cretur,—takin' her aback—, capsizing her credit, and causin' the poor innocent soul to *trip* on the truth in spite of herself—I, once, could 'ave shifted my shoe——"

"Hilloa!—hilloa! my hearty;" interrupted a tall, brawny, muscular forecastle-man, catching the excited orator in the very act of suiting the action to the word—"no shyin' o' shoes *here*, Mister Bob!—Recollect you're not among lawyers *now*: tho' I must say——"

"What d' ye say?" hastily returned the heated orator, snatching from the delicate digits of the tall tar his long-quartered, long-painted, canvass slipper—

"What does I say?—Why, I says, I grants you speaks no more nor the truth, naked, nat'ral, and bared to the bone:—but I must say, must *indeed*, Bob—that to me, its a reglar-built pauler[1], how a fellor like you,—a fellor as hates, and ought too, to hate a lawyer worse, ay, nor even a Jew, —can now, now tarn to, to copy his prate, and use his very dientical lip and lingo.—Why, you talks as large, and comes the *Dick*[2] as fast an' as fine, as if, by Joe, you'd a-reglarly a-shipped the wig!"—

"*I* talk like a lawyer!—why, Sam, by your own showin', I speaks the *truth*, naked, nat'ral, and bared to the bone."

"Han'somely, bo!—han'some*ly*. — Why, Bob, you has a fellor afore he's fairly down.—If you comes it in this here fashun, I'm blest but you'll pass for a reglar-built Bencher.—But just try back for a bend—take out the grind, and, you'll find it comes to *this*, and never no more—

[1] *Pauler*, a puzzle. [2] *Dick*, dictionary.

If *lip* sometimes weathers on *law*—why, it tells on the one tack as well as the t'other.—A fellor, we'll say, falls sick; well!—he goes to the doctor,—he can't do better.—But, then on t'other tack, 'sposin' he gets into debt,—gets pinn'd—gets in limbo, or gets in the clink—who does he look to *then*?—who gets him his clearance?—who, to be sure, but a reglar-built lawyer?—so, steady a bit, bo!—right your helm—fair play's a jewel—a trade's a trade—have bakers, have butchers—*Jack Ketch* must thrive as well as another.—Then, on t'other tack—how's a lawyer to deal with a rogue—or treat a ruffin?"

"How?—why the same way he does with a timid man, or modest woman—bully and badger till all's blue.—But, no,—he knows a trick worth two on it—he knows a hard-hearted ready rascal will sarve him out, and give him more than his own.—No, no, he won't grapple with his match—*not* he——I once see'd a light-finger'd chap floor a reg'lar *lipper* like smoke and oakum.—The pickpocket, as was only a witness, stands the

badgerin', at first, better than a well-baited bear: —at last, the light-finger'd lad opens his fire, and pours on the prater a double-shotted Billinsgate broadside as soon lowers the lawyer's lip:—'till, findin' he was fairly floor'd, and goin' to looard as fast a haystack adrift, he loses his temper—turns to a snivellin', and prays an' 'plores the judge on the bench to grant him protection!"

"*Protection!*—why *he* more nor another?—why more nor a *better* man?" indignantly exclaimed a sitter hitherto silent on the subject in debate.—"I wouldn't grant, no, not *one* on 'em one; nor does I see why as lawyers shou'dn't be *prest* as well as the other lubberly grass-combin' beggars they us'd to pin in the war."

"*Protection!*—why, Joe, we're on opposite tacks—I doesn't *mean*, man, a *press* protection."

"Oh! I axes your pardon;—but still, Bob, there's never no makin' more of a thing nor it is—a protection's a *protection* all the world over.—Howsomever, strike out again—strike out, my son."

"But come, come," interposed the original mover of the original question—"come, I say—I say, we've taken a precious, precious wide yaw[1] from our course—What's the meanin' on it?—I axes *afore* for that—I wants no more nor the real, reg'lar-built meanin' o' the matter—'*March-o'-Mind!*'—*March-o'-Mind!*—I'm blest if it isn't a thoro-bred pauler, isn't it, Joe?"

"Why, at first sight, Jim,—at first sight," returned the interrogated tar, assuming all the air and consequence of oracular authority,—"at first sight, 'twould sartinly seem as much; but I thinks I can clear the kile,—I thinks I *has* it.—You see, Jim, this here March-o'-Mind—(*that's* the word, isn't it?)—well, this here March-o'-Mind means, you see,—means, you see, when a chap's a *mind to march*, he may!"

"Oh! that's it, is't?—Well, in course, Tom in course you ought to know best:—but *I* knows this—*I've* never no mind to *march*.—I knows

[1] *Yaw*, a digression.

when I've a good berth—a good barkey and meets with good usage.—I knows more too,—I knows my sarvitude time will tell at a *time* when I neither can sarve myself or Sal.—Talk o' the Marchan'-sarvus—What d'ye get in it now?—Small wages and worse wittels, for precious hard wearin'-out work—Get hurt in the hold, fall from aloft, fractur your pate, or catch a West-Indgy fever, who *then's* to cure you?—a groggy skipper, or a greasy cook?—No, no, a good man as knows well his work, and knows how to respect himself—mind; I says *himself*—for if a man won't respect *himself*, where's the fellow as will?—Yes, yes, let a man but respect himself, obey his officers, and keep from *lip* and lickor, and he need never, no never, shy a King's ship, or, in any way, dread a man-o'-war.—The man as desarves the *name* o' man is sure, *sure* to be treated *like* a man,—and sure, in the end, to meet wi' reward [1]."

[1] The subjoined extracts from a recently published pamphlet, entitled, "*Impressment of Seamen*," and the production

"Well done our side o' the house!—well done, Jim!" vociferated the tall tar, accompany-

of a "Naval Officer" of intelligence and experience, fully corroborate Jack's assertion.

"It has been a matter of regret with me, that so little is known of the real comfort and advantages of a well-regulated man-of-war. They ought to be sung in every cottage in the kingdom, that the inhabitants of those humble mansions may know how well it fares with their friends at sea. It is true, that those of inquiring minds, and whose local circumstances give them the opportunity of information, are well aware that the governing principle, and practice of the service, are directed to the great objects of protection, and benefit to the men.

"How little is it generally known that an able seaman may lay by ten pounds a-year, out of his wages, after clothing himself with neatness and comfort.

"That he has an excellent bed, and every necessary description of clothing, of the most suitable quality, at fixed and reasonable prices; also tobacco and soap.

"That he has the same provisions, both in *quality* and *quantity*, as the admiral commanding the fleet; the daily allowances are liberal, and include a pint of wine, or a proportion of spirits.

"That he has the best medical attendance, medicines, and medical comforts in sickness, free of all abatement from his wages.

"That he has two months' wages paid in advance, when the ship is first fitted, to enable him to supply his wants.

"That he may, while abroad, receive a certain sum monthly, as pocket money, if he wish it; and this optional advance is

ing the compliment with a heavy open-handed slap on his messmate's shoulder.—" And, more-

very proper to the extent to which it goes, but would be objectionable if carried further.

" That he has peculiar advantages, *not* granted to *officers*, except those of the inferior classes, (non-commissioned officers;)

Viz. " That he can allot a portion of his wages for the maintenance of his wife, children, mother, or sister, if he please; which is paid *to* the party monthly, free of all charge.

" That he has the privilege of sending letters to his family from *any part of the world*, subject only to a charge of *one penny*; it is, therefore, the fault of the man himself if his family are ignorant of his situation.

" That he can, when the ship is paid, (which, by Act of Parliament, must be at the end of every year, and every six months after, when in England,) have all or a part of his wages * remitted to any place in the united kingdom, at the Government risk, for the use of his family; or there to receive it himself, if he should be going on leave of absence, or be discharged.

" That he has a bounty of five pounds for voluntary service in war.

" That the permanent appointments to the situations of boatswain and gunner, are given to the most deserving seamen, whether impressed or not, which operate as an encouragement to good conduct; wounded men are eligible to warrants as ship's cook. It is not meant, however, by this, to say, that the advancement of the seamen is limited to such rank, but, on

* May it not be well to have power to remit to the savings' bank of a man's parish?

over, Jim, you knows *well*, the very chaps as sneer an' snarl 'bout the cruelty o' the *cat*, and the likes o' that 'ere shore-goin' lubberly trash, are only your pieabald parlimin'-praters,—chaps as are sore an' savage at seein' seamen *contented* —'stid of growlin' and dissatisfied like their sulky selves.—And yet, yet these very same hipper-crocodile varmins as pretend to pity, and feel, so much, as they tarm it, 'for their *fellor-creturs*,'

the contrary, I have the pleasure of being acquainted with some highly estimable men who were before the mast, who had nothing to recommend them but their skill and good conduct, and now do credit to the service in its *highest* classes; and, if needful, I could mention by name some of those distinguished men who were impressed into the service.

"That a seaman has a pension after a certain number of years' service, if he produces testimonials of good conduct, and has never deserted.

"That he has that noble institution, Greenwich Hospital open to him in old age, or if maimed in the service.

"That his children are eligible to the schools at Greenwich, where they receive excellent instruction, calculated to fit them for any station their good conduct in the navy or merchant-service may obtain.

"These, with many others, are benefits which belong equally to the marines when embarked, and they are enjoyed in common by impressed men as well as others."

are always the first, the very *first* to cut down an' dock a poor fellor-cretur's hard-earn'd pay; or to try an' knock off the harder-earn'd pension his king and country allows him to keep the little *life* that's left from leakage——"

"That's *you*, Sam," ejaculated the last interlocutor.—"You says no more nor the truth—seamen are not dissatisfied, if not over-worked in port, nor yet discontented when they gets *liberty* ashore,—we knows the revarse,—an' all on us know the best berth a seaman, or seafarin'-man, can find is 'board of a high-keltered, crack man-o'-war—a ship as makes every man know his work—every man do his duty, an' *no* man a morsel *more*."

"Where's the man as denies it, Jim?"

"No one, as *I* knows:—but where's the man, as can tell me—tell *me* as a man, the real meanin' o' this mysty matter:—where's *that* man—where's *that* man, Tom?" reiterated the perplexed inquirer of a question, which had already betrayed the disputants into those long

irrelevant digressions peculiar to seamen in debate.

"Where's the man?—why, here, *here* he is," cried an elderly tar, pointing to a fellow-forecastle-man who had just 'taken up a close-order station' in the centre of the seated circle.—"Here's the man as 'ill soon come to the marrow o' the matter.—I say, Ned, *you*, as knows summit o' summit, and knows what's what, better nor most,—in course, you can take the thund'ring tho'roput[1] out o' this precious mess.—Here's Jim here, jamm'd like Jackson, hard up in a clinch, an' can never get no one to clear the kile, or give him the real dientical meanin' o' this here new-lanch'd lubberly phrase, as seems to puzzle us more afloat, nor even the long-headed fellors ashore."

"What! ye means the *March-o'-Mind?*"

"That's *you*, Ned—you *has* it—that's the ticket, bo."

[1] To disentangle.

"Then I can tell ye, Tom," returned the welcome interpreter to the puzzled party—"I can tell ye, it means no more nor *this*—Prate!—prate!—prate!—gab!—gab!—gab!—Pretendin' to know and do every thing better than the *best* o' your betters—a likin' to lay down the law—to deal in *lip*—to use long-winded words 'thout knowin' a word o' their meanin'—to pour over newspapers, as far oft'ner *mean* more mischief nor type 'ould tell—to prate in a pot-house—to talk large and larn'd over your pipe and lickor—to growl like a landsman, an' rig like a lubber—to sham a small smatt'rin' of every trade, and to never know *nothin'* o' your *own*.—An' d—— it—to clinch the whole—to end your days, and die like a dog in a ditch, for darin' to dabble out o' your depth."

"Hurrah!—Well done, Ned!—I know'd you was the fellor as 'ould soon give us the English o' the matter."

"Ay, ay, Tom: but Ned has given us more nor *one* meanin', you know—*I* wants the *one* real,

reglar-built meanin' o' the matter; for, as I said afore, it must be a double deceiver, as means more nor the *one* identical thing."

"Well, Jim," returned the interpreter, "you has your choice,—take any *one* o' the few I gave ye. I've only given you the standin' part of a few of the meanins as stand for the phrase.—But I can tell ye *this*—there's more mischief in the *thing* nor people thinks."

"Well, isn't that exactly—*exactly* what *I* says?"

"To be sure, Jim—to be sure it is. Why, I was lately paid off from a ship-sloop-o'war. (I'll keep her name to myself, for I doesn't like to disgrace a craft as desarves the name of a clipper); but I was lately paid off from a craft, as was all as one as a floatin' parlimint house. There never was gather'd together such a beggarly bunch of pratin' pollytishins. There was the captain o' the main top as took in the '*Times*'

[1] We subsequently paid off, and re-commissioned this ship.

as reglar, ay, as he took his daily allowance.—Let the ship go where she would, the newspaper reg'larly followed the fellor.—'Stead of lookin' after his top, an' the likes o' that, he was always skulkin' below, pourin' over papers, or, as was mostly his favourite fashun, readin' out loud to a large lazy set of haddock-mouth'd listners, the whole o' the parlimint-palaver as was cramm'd chock o' block in every column o' the '*Times*.' —In as many minutes, he'd make as many remarks as 'ou'd fill a Liner's log for a month. There he'd lay down the law—say, if *he* was prime minister, *he'd* do *this*—that the First Lord o' the Admirallity ought to do *that*;—if *he* was First Lord, *he'd* know *well* what to do——"

"Well," interrupted the long forecastle-man, "I only wishes *I* was the *First* Lord—*I* knows *well* what *I'd* do."

"What?" asked an inquisitive topman.

"*What?*—why, take care o' myself for *life*—*make* myself *cook* o' the Callydony [1]."

[1] *Caledonia*, first-rate.

"Well, you might do worse nor that.—But, bless your heart," continued '*knowing Ned*'—(for here the cognomen cannot be considered a '*breach* of privilege')—"but, bless your heart, this *March-o'-Mind* was reg'larly playin' the devil afloat.—Fellors 'oud cut such capers—thoughts comed into their heads as never was know'd afore.—Them as was spliced, reg'larly *twice* a week, (days we didn't wash below,) must send off to their lovin' ribs long lubberly letters, criss'd and cross'd fore-an'-aft, and athaut-ships, for all the world like the square meshes of a splinter-nettin'; an' if they didn't reg'larly receive by return o' post—for they all had their stated days, an' look'd for letters from the cryin' craft, as reg'larly as they did for pipin' to dinner—you'd see the poor devils the whole day long pinin' below, an' doin' far worse, neglectin' their duty on deck. But *that* wasn't all——I 'members one day fittin' out in Hamoaze—the chief boson's-mate, as one, 'oud suppose, ought to know more o' the sarvus—well, this chap,

as was long in the doctor's list, comes aft to the first-leaftennant, and clappin' on a mug o' mis'ry, axes for *two* days' *liberty* ashore.—'*Ashore!*' says the first-leaftennant, thinkin' the man was mad—an' well he might—'a man in the *doctor's* list ax for liberty *ashore!*—why, my man,' says the first-leaftennant, 'this is comin' it *strong* indeed!' says he—'I thought,' says the boson's-mate,—'I thought, Sir,' says he, 'you didn't *divine* my drift!'—'*Oh!* I axes your pardon,' says the first-leaftennant, opening a frolicksome fire on the fellow—'I axes your pardon—pray explain i' you please.'—'Well, Sir,' says Pipes, as stiff as a sulky soger,—'it seems, Sir,' says he,—'that's, it seems so to *me*—when a man's unwell, it becomes,' says he—'becomes no more nor his duty to recover his health as *fast* as he can—the sarvus,' says he—'the sarvus demands it.—So, Sir,' says Pipes, 'as I'm terribly troubled with the roomatis, an', as I well knows from 'sperience, there's never no other way to cure me, I wants,' says he, 'with your parmission—*two* days' li-

berty *ashore*, to take a dozen or two *warm-baths*[1].' —I'm blest, if the first-leaftennant didn't nearly drop down on the deck in a fit o' laughin'."

"An' well he might: but I say, Ned, did he get the liberty?"

"To be sure he did.—The first-leaftennant cou'dn't, for the life on him, find it in his good-natur'd heart to refuse the fellow: but, bless you, that's a trifle to some o' their rigs.—We'd another boson's-mate, a smart fellow too, in his way; but he liked his beer. Whenever the fellow went ashore, he always came back to the ship as drunk as a lord: he used to say, 'twas the only time as ever he *indulged* in lickor: howsomever, as soon as he sobered, an' came to himself, down he'd dive to the doctor, sayin'—sayin' (let's see *what* was the word?)—ay, I has it—sayin' he was fairly *criplis*—that's crippl'd you know, and beggin' the doctor to give him a cool *Sally-lion* draught—one o' your *sober*-water dozes—to ease the pain in his splittin' pate.—It's

[1] This is literally true, and the man's name was Crawley.

as true as I'm sittin' here. Well, there's two touches o' your *March-o'-Mind*—now here's strike out for a third."

"Go it, Ned! go it, bo!" was the general cry.

—"Well, you must know, this same captain o' the main-top—this same dientical chap as took in the '*Times*,' was one o' your fiddle-faddle fancy-men wi' the women—a terrible chap for sayin' a-soft things, an' dealin' in that delicate lip, as you know, as most ladies like. Well, I 'members one time, a-layin' in Kinsale harbour, when two or three o' the petty officers' wives as went to sea in the ship were all ashore but the *one*, an' she was the *she*-gunner's-mate—well, this here Vaux[1]—(for that was the fellow's name, an', moreover, he used to boast an' brag as *he* was the *first* o' the family)—well, this here Vaux took a terrible likin' to this *she*-gunner's mate,—an' *she*, sartinly, a likin' for *he*.—She

[1] This man's name may be found in the books of the ship in question.

used to say 'he said *such* things,—so *nice* a man —so pretty spoken,—so good-natur'd,—so good a scholard,—an' so *so* sober an' *steady* a man,' she'd say, shyin' a leerin' look at her husband, as much as to say—'that's *more* nor I can say o' *you*, Mister Tom.'——Well, every one seed as Vaux and Sal were on more nor talkin' tarms: he used to write her varses, send her Valentines, an' amuse her mind by readin' out to her all the robb'ries, murders, an' crim-cons as appear'd in the '*Times*.'"

"*Crim*-cons!—*What* the devil are they?"

"Why, it's a *China* word, I b'lieve; but it means no more nor runnin' away wi' another man's wife."

"What!—a messmate's?"

"No, no, she wasn't a messmate—there was just a berth atwixt 'em. Howsomever, Tom, (the gunner's-mate, you know) smells a rat, an' says, one morn, comin' up to Vaux, as he catches him a-larnin' Sal to sing, an' tippin her one o' his Valentine varses—'I say, young fellow,' says

Tom, snatching the paper out o' the fellow's fist, —'I say, I've a *score* to settle wi' *you*.'——'A score!' says Vaux,—'what for?'——'Don't mind him,' says Sal, leavin' Tom an' the captin-o'-the-top to side it out.—What *for?*' says Tom, seein' Sal leavin' the berth, for he didn't want her to know he was bent on a breeze—'Make for the bay[1],' says Tom, 'an' I'll soon let you know—we'll *soon* see *who's* the most right to sing with Sal or write her varses.'—'I tell ye what it 'tis,' says Vaux, comin' the gemmen's gammon over the gunner's mate—'I tell ye what it 'tis—I'm never the man as you takes me to be—I'm not a-goin,'—says he, 'to make a Fives-court man o' myself, an' fist it out like a bullyin' bla'guard. If it's honourable'—(mind the fellow's impudence talking of *honour* in the very same breath he was tryin' to undermine the poor man's happiness!)—'if it's *ho-*

[1] *Bay.*—The reader is not to suppose the nethermost depths of the Bay of Biscay are here alluded to. The *bay* of a ship means the forecast part on the 'tween decks.

nourable satisfaction,' says he—'honourable satisfaction you wants, say the word, an' *I'm* your man whenever you chooses your time.'—Well, this, you know, was a reg'lar-built pauler to Tom, as thought to settle the score in the reg'lar way, and to side it out in the bay below.—So no more was said for a time—'twas just six-bells in the forenoon watch.—Well, howsomever, it happens that *very* same afternoon the small-arm'd men was exercised firing at a mark,—an' just as all was over, the men ordered to clean their muskets, an' the gun-room officers divin' down to their dinners,—I'm blest if the midshipman o' the watch didn't catch poor Tom an' the varmint Vaux in the very dientical act o' poppin' at one another with a pair o' ship's muskets.—Tom took his stand on the folksel, an' the right *honourable* Mister Varmint Vaux in front o' the poop, levellin' at his shipmate's life after tryin' all his soft, sinnavatin' ways to weather him out of his wife.—Tom's musket was cramm'd to the muzzle with more nor twenty balls, in case, as

he afterwards said, the first eighteen or nineteen should miss his man.—Well! now—what d' ye think o' that[1]?—there's a *third* touch o' the *March-o'-Mind*—an' I hasn't done with *half* of it yet."

"Done wi' half on it—Well, for my part," ejaculated the leading interlocutor of the party, "for my part, I wants to hear no more o' the matter—I 'spected as much—thought all along 'twas a double deceiver; an' as for *mischief*, I'm sartin there's the makin' o' more in it, ay,—nor a main-top-full of monkeys 'oud make in a month—*Honourable* satisfaction!—*honourable* satisfaction!—Well, I'm blest if it doesn't bang Black Sal's petitionin' the first-leaftennant of the *Levee-athan* to grant her a reg'lar-built lawful divorce."

"Dash my wig, here are two double-fisted fellors callin' 'emselves men, an' *seamen* withal,

[1] This occurrence happened on board a ship now in commission.

tarnin' to, to ape the antics of a pair of parlee-voo hopkickers, an' all for *why?*—for *honourable* satisfaction—for the right honourable satisfaction of larnin' a wall-sided wench to sing.—See here, Ned, only I knows you was never the man to make more of a thing nor truth 'ould back—a chap as never took to *hearsay* talk (for you knows what the skipper said on *that* score the time we'd the Crowner's-quest aboard;) an' moreover, only I knows you to be just what the Crowner said he believed you to be—both before your face an' behind your back,—an', that you know, Ned, was what the old gemman called 'a voracious man'—that's a man as never *swallows* more nor he ought—I'd say, Ned, an' I'm not the man as means the smallest morsel of offence,—I'd say, the whole yarn, from beginnin' to end was, what your ball-room blades 'oud call a reg'lar-built thund'ring thumper."

"Well then, see here, Jem," retorted the tall tar, taking up the cudgels in defence of the individual whose veracity had been so insidiously

impugned in the last round-about speech,—I "see here, only I know *you* never were, an', what's more, never will be a thoro'bred parliamint-prater; I'd say, you'd been a-larnin' from some o' the like to play at long-balls wi' your prate.—Why,—why the devil do you work such a terrible traverse?—that's always the way wi' your parlimin-chaps—they never can touch on the smallest matter—no matter what—but they must *back* an' *fill*—an' box about, for all the world like a deep-laden collier tidin'-it up in a narrow reach.—If you doesn't believe the man, can't you be *man* enough and say so at once, an' there's an end o' the matter."

"No, Sam," interrupted the anecdotical *Ned*, "no—I doesn't want an end o' the matter;—I knows it's not in natur to make a body believe a thing as he doesn't like. Now I knows you wouldn't *like* to believe it, if I tells ye that I've seen a *shipper* of a frigate shame a whole ship's company by heavin' himself out on the taupsle-yard-arm, an' takin' the weather-earin' out o' the

hands o' the captain o' the main-top.—Well now, I've see'd *that*—but I knows it's hard,—no easy matter, by any manner o' means, to make men believe in things almost *beyond* belief."

"That's just what *I* says."

"Well, Jim—there's only one way o' clinchin' the truth—an'—now I says, if any man among ye chooses—or, if the King chooses,—or, if the First Lord-o'-the-Admirallity chooses, an' moreover, if the first-leaftennant chooses, I'll willin'ly go aft this precious minit," (rising from his seat for the purpose) "an' take my Bible oath, on the book, that all I've told you about the varmint Vaux, and the other two *March-o'-Mind-men*, is no more, as I hope to be saved, nor the truth—the whole truth—an nothin' but the naked truth."

"We *all* believes ye, Ned—all, all—there's not a man on us as doesn't," vociferated several voices in fast succession—"But if that, Ned" said one, addressing the narrator—as soon as the clamour of assent had ceased—"if *that's* what ye calls the *March-o'-Mind*—the sooner it

marches ashore the better—Why, I'd rather,—rather, by Joe, bear-up at once for a Guinea-slaver, ay, battle-the-watch wi' a parcel o' cut-throat pirates—for then, you know a man's well awake to the worst:—but may I lose to-morrow's plush[1], an' I'm not a man as likes to lose the like,—if I woudn't sooner sail for months an' months, ay, even for years, in a reglar-built Yankey slaver, nor sarve a single soft summer's week in the best man-o'-war in the sarvus as was diskiver'd to have the smallest morsel of this here *march of mind* aboard—Why, I looks upon it to be far worse, an' sartinly far mor 'fectious nor one o' your reg'lar Levanters.—Now, if I was a big-wig, an' I'm none o' your bullyin'-chaps as gets a *better* man's berth by length o' lip—but, if I was a big-wig, I'm blest if I wouldn't clap ev'ry 'scription o' craft—King's ships, 'John's Company's' an' all into reg'lar long currentine as was ever 'spected to 've the slightest touch of

[1] An extra allowance of grog given by the seamen to the cook of the mess.

it atwixt decks.—*March-o'-Mind*, indeed!—Why, Ned, I just takes it to be as bad as this here Corporal Morbus, as is so long a-levellin' the Sunderland 'Smashers,' an' keelhaulin' the Newcastle 'Keelmen.'—I say, Ned,—never say no more about it."

"Why not? why not?" said the long fore-castle-man, exhibiting symptoms of unwonted warmth.—"Never mind him—*I* tells you—an', when *I* tells you, that's enough, Mister Ned—now *I* tells you to let's know all you know o' the matter—I'm not afeard of it," continued the excited Sam—"I doesn't shy it—I'm none o' your nockalatin' chaps as catches ev'ry sore an' sickness as flies an' flaws about—*I* never grappled wi' *Yellow-Jack*[1], when he floor'd ev'ry fellor fore-an'-aft; ay, an' when the skipper, poor man, (and a better man never left his bones to bleach on a burnin' beach,) yes, when the poor old skipper, an' ev'ry soul in the ship down to *Dirty-Dick* at the coppers, was droopin' an'

[1] *Yellow-Jack*,—the yellow fever.

droppin' on deck, an' dyin' by tens an' tens of a day —So, see here—Sam cares no more for the 'fection, as ye calls it, of the *March-o'-Mind*, nor Sam car'd afore for the fast-takin' 'fection of *Yellow-Jack*—So, now Mister Ned,—do as I tells ye—tell us all you know o' the matter."

"Oh, if you goes to that, Sam, I could keep the watch awake for a month.—In all my born days, I never see'd such a ship—tho' they tells you too, she was never nothing to some o' your fancy liners[1]. Why, bless ye, some o' your *guardo*-chaps[2] come over you now with the pride o' their pratin' schoolmaster—If you talks sense to 'em, (for they're far too conceited to see straightfor'ard seamen's sense,) they doesn't listen to ye—They cocks up their sneerin' noses —turns on their heel—takes to *lip*, an' threatens you, by Joe, with the schoolmaster!—the thundering *schoolmaster!*"

[1] Line-of-battle ships, and their crews, are so designated by seamen.

[2] *Guardo*-chaps—the crew of a guard ship.

"I 'spose, Ned, they're sick o' the *cat*, an' wants to bring in the boys' *birch!*"

"I doesn't know, Jim, *what* they wants—nor, what's more, does one half the wantin' world know what the tother half *wants* to want. But I knows this, the last time I was on liberty aboard a liner—let's see, it's more, ay, more nor a twelvemonth now—no, *now* I thinks on it too, not quite a twelvemonth yet—a twelvemonth exactly to-morrow week—'cause now I 'members we only shifted from the ship to the hulk in Hamoaze the very forenoon afore. Well, I tells ye, the last time I sups my swizzle 'twixt two o' the foremost bull-dogs[1] in her starboard bay—one o' these here pratin' pollytishuns cuts me short in my yarn, in the very marrow o' the matter too—for I was just tellin' 'em, Sam, your twist o' the '*Mudian Ghost*'—an' a capital yarn it is.—Well, just as I was coming to the part where the ghost was seed makin' a harlekin-bolt thro' the best-bower hawse-hole, this here pratin' chap jumps on his pins, and sings out in a most

[1] Bull-dogs—*guns* on the lower deck.

mockin' manner—'*Stuff! Stuff!*—Be more of a man!' says he—'give o'er your childish talk—an' bear *this* in mind,' says he, snappin' his fingers as he walks clean out o' the berth—'*bear* this in mind, Sir,' says he,—*Sirring* me too—'Bear this in mind, Sir,' says he,—'*The schoolmaster's now abroad!*' "

"Well, Ned, you knows," said a tar of the olden time—"you knows every liner's allow'd a reg'lar-built schoolmaster."

"Sartinly I grants—But how can a fellor be both aboard an' *abroad?*—Can a fellor be both at the lead an' helm at the same dientical time?"

"No, Sam, sartinly not."

"Then, where's the use o' tellin' o' twisters, an' sayin' the schoolmaster's *abroad*, when the fellor's aboard, borne on the books,—reg'larly wittled, an' perhaps never misses as much as his muster a single day.—But it's always the way," continued the long logician, waxing warm in debate—"it's always the way wi' them there know-nothin' chaps—they're sure, to think they knows every thing better nor their betters.—I

should like to see some o' your schoolmaster-chaps try to puddin' an anchor.—I never know'd one on 'em yet as could tell the difference 'twixt the lay of a right and a left-handed rope."

"See here," added the argumentative Sam, assuming an unaffected air of seriousness—"See here, if the *first* foremast-man afloat, ay, the smartest captain of a top as ever haul'd-out a weather-earin',—or the best captain of a folksel as ever clothed a battle-ship's bowsprit, was to tell me—an' Ned knows I'm an even-minded man,—a man as a child might any time play with like a caperin' kitten,—that's providin' I wasn't provok'd by lying lip,—but if the best man in the sarvus was to come up to me, face to face, an' to tell *me* such a thund'ring twister as the young gemmen's schoolmaster was *abroad*, when I well know'd the man was *aboard*,—why I'd just up wi' my nearest flipper, an' floor the fellor as flat as a flounder—'Now,' says I, after layin' him low—'take that!—take *that*,' says I, 'an' ax the schoolmaster,' says I—'the next time you sees him,' says I,—'if *he* was the man,'

says I, 'as larnt you to lie.'—I'm blest if I wouldn't—tho' I know'd the act wou'd bring me the very next moment both legs in limbo!"

"Well, Sam, you'd do no more nor right,—but, as I was a-goin' to tell ye,"—resumed the man, who has been already introduced to the reader by the *applicable* cognomen of '*Knowing Ned*,'—"as I was a-goin' to tell ye,—for the whole three years I sarv'd in that there *March-o'-Mind man-o'-war* I was tellin' ye about,—I never hears as much as a sailor's song—a song as ye cou'd call a reg'lar-built seaman's stave."

"No, Ned, you doesn't *now* often hear the staves as we used to sing in the war—You never now hears—'*Will-ye-go-to-Cawsin-Bay-Billy-Bo-Billy-Bo!*'—nor the '*Saucy-Arethusa*'—nor the '*Bold Brittanny*'—'*Black-colours under her mizen did fly*'—'*From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues*'—an' many more o' the sim'lar sort."

"No, no, Sam,—you're right enough—your *March-o'-Mind-men* must now come your simmy-dimmy quiv'ring quivers—tip ye soft sentimental touches—sigh-away like ladies in love, an' never

sing nothin' but your silly sicknin' stuff, as often used to frighten the geese an' make 'em cackle in the coop, for all the world like the comin' of a heavy hurricane—Moreover, your *March-o'-Mind-men* never *will* sing a single stave as admits of the *main* thing—for what's a song as won't allow all hands to jine in reg'lar coal-box [1]? —No, no, your *March-o'-Mind-men* hav'n't, you may depend on it, the *mind* o' men—they *think* far more like people as rig in petticoats, nor they as tog in trowsers—Now what looks more young-ladyish, nor to see a fellor with a fist like a shoulder o' mutton, flingin' his flipper about, an' suitin' his antics to his song, as he snivels out—'*Strike—strike the light guitar!*"

"*What*, Ned,—comin' what ye calls your forty-poney-fingers over a fellor?"

"Exactly—for all the world like one o' your Spanish ladies—one o' your Cadiz-craft—Then again—we'd another chap—a chap, too, as big an' bulky as a bullock—easin'-it off—an'

[1] *Coal-box*,—chorus.

mincin'-it out like a lank boardin'-school miss—'*I'd be a Butterfly born in a Bower.*' "

"In a *bower*-tier, I 'spose, Ned?"

"No, bo,—born in a bush."

"Well then, Sam, we'd another fellor as 'oud 'ave made you laugh more nor even *Big-Ben* buzzin' about in a bush—There was the captain o' the mizen top—a cap-struck chap as was all day long pesterin' people about his '*dear Sue*'—his '*fond Sue*'—an' his '*best-o'-wives*'—well, that there chap, as was all day long teazin' an' tormentin' every man an' boy aboard 'bout his crojack-eyed-craft—could never at night be got to sing no other stave but '*Oh, no, we never mentions her!*'—Why, I was obligated at last, to chalk-out a sort of stave for 'em, to see if I could turn their petticoat thoughts, an' make 'em ashamed of their die-away ditties."

"Well, look here, Ned,—if I was a man as had weight in the world, I'd make a reg'lar-built *law* as no lubberly songs should be sing'd in the sarvus—I'd make it, by Joe! one o' the Articles o' War."

TWENTY-EIGHT GUN SHIPS

AND

TEN-GUN BRIGS[1]

THE great exertions which both France and America are at present making in the formation of their respective navies, should not be overlooked by our own Government, which cannot, in this respect be too much on the alert: France is trying every experiment, not only in the in-

[1] This paper was originally published in the "United Service Journal," in the year 1829.

struction and constant practice of exercising a large body of men as seamen, but in a new system of artillery, which, in the event of a war, will, to say the least of it, give us more trouble than we have ever experienced in either single or general engagements with the French afloat. A reference to the work of M. Paixhams, entitled "*Nouvelle Force Maritime*," published six years ago, will give our readers some idea of the *preparations* which France has made, and doubtless continues to make, against the event of a new maritime struggle.

The naval measures of America are not so extensive as those of the French, but we know from experience that their system of naval architecture has already been successful; and, as the inference seems inevitable that they will pursue their plans to a more complete developement, we ought no longer to hesitate about taking steps to meet them on equal terms.—It is well known that the chief features of what may be called their Naval Reform, consisted in building vessels of a

much larger size than is usual in the class from which they derive their denominations. Their frigates are larger, and of heavier metal than ours; and their sloops have had the same mechanical superiority over our sloops. To meet them fairly in action we should meet them in ship-building; and having built as they build, we should make experimental cruizes with the vessels thus newly constructed, in order to ascertain the rate of sailing and other qualities as 'men of war.' But instead of this, we are not only perpetuating our old scantling of vessels, but even creating other ships inferior in size and force to those which constitute their respective classes. We are building, and employing small frigates, and increasing the number of ten-gun brigs[1], instead of those of *eighteen*, although we know that other powers have no vessels which are not more than a match in size and metal for the former.—Our

[1] We are happy to see that this practice has been abandoned.

frigates must either ingloriously engage sloops, such as the *Wasp* of the United States, or be beaten by other frigates, as in the instance of the *Macedonian*, *Guerrière*, and *Java*. But the case of the ten-gun brigs is even worse; they can neither *fight* nor fly—prevent a convoy in war, or prevent smuggling in peace.

Captain Pettman, a post-captain in the navy, "challenges[1] any officer who has ever sailed in this class of vessels to dispute, under his *own signature*, the correctness of his assertion, that they are perfectly safe and very *superior* sea-boats, and exceedingly well calculated for packets."

What! attach a signature to a professional 'opinion' without a *fee?*—Is there a full-wigged barrister in the land, who, on so serious a subject, would even 'ship his spectacles' to open Blackstone, or consult Coke, under at least a

[1] In a letter which appeared in the *Courier*.

twenty-four pounder?—Why, then, should any 'sea-lawyer' so commit himself as even to make his mark to an opinion in opposition to the recorded testimony of the '*signing-officer*' in the *Courier;* and who, by the by, in thus coming forward to espouse the cause of the '*Charity* Brig,' appears to have acted strictly in accordance with the proverb, that "charity begins at home;" for, as a *post*-captain, he is happily excluded from the command of such a vessel—his *rank* rescues him from such a miserable doom.

Captain P. congratulates himself that the '*reports*' of officers who have commanded these vessels corroborate his testimony as to their '*superior qualities* as sea-boats.'

It is true, that favourable '*reports*' are made by commanders of these vessels; but, to say nothing of the official form in which these reports are embodied, neither Captain Pettman, nor any other defender of this defenceless class can deny, that the officers in question may be induced to forego any manifestation of their opinion out of

an ill-grounded apprehension, that any unfavourable account of these brigs might induce the Admiralty to supersede whoever should so report, instead of relying, as they ought to do, on the justice of the board, which would duly appreciate their candour.

No professional man will deny, that a vessel of war ought to possess other qualities besides those upon which so much stress has been laid by Captain Pettman; because, were the grand *desiderata* in naval architecture merely to consist in being 'a safe vessel, and a good sea-boat,'—the Dutch dogger, with its broad bow, high stern, flat floor, and large lee board, may be considered as the safest vessel that swims the sea.—But there are many properties which a vessel of war should possess, to which it will be presently shown, the 'Charity Brig,' can lay no possible claim. A ship of war is required to be a good sea-boat—to sail fast—to stow, at least, two *months*' water, and three months' provisions *under hatches*,—to carry her guns well out of the

water, and more especially, to have *room* to fight them,—to 'berth her men,' or rather to afford proper and healthy accommodation for her crew,—to 'stand well up under her canvass'—to stay in a head-sea—'claw-off' a lee-shore—and, above all, to *scud out of*, as well as to lie to, in a hurricane. Out of these ten qualities, with not one of which will any naval officer think it possible to dispense, let us see how many the ten-gun brig pretends to possess.

If it be required of a ten-gun brig to perform a voyage of any distance, or probable duration, she must, of necessity, carry *above hatches*, an extra quantity of provisions and water, both of which will so much encumber the decks, and deepen the vessel beyond her 'proper bearings,' as to render her any thing but a 'safe vessel, and *superior* sea-boat.'—As to carrying her guns well out of the water, or having *room* to fight them, the probability is, that the brig's battery will become totally useless (not so much on account of the constant succession of seas likely to

be shipped upon opening the ports in an ordinary double-reef-topsail breeze), as from the equally probable circumstance of a butt[1], or at least, a puncheon of water being lashed between every two guns on her upper and *only* fighting deck—comfortable and healthy accommodation for the crews of these vessels is quite out of the question.—The lower gun-deck of a ten-gun brig is hardly five feet high, and from her 'tween decks, during a 'stiff breeze,' a free circulation of air is totally excluded, from the circumstance of the fore and main hatches being battened down, in order to prevent the lower-deck being flooded fore-and-aft.—So that for five out of six weeks of a winter's cruize, the 'watch below' is doomed by day to suffer nearly suffocation from the smoke of the galley-fire[2], and by night to inhale the most noxious vapours, not only oc-

[1] As in the case of the *Delight*, Captain R. Hay, when sailing from Spithead for the 'Cape station' in 1822, and which vessel has never been heard of since. It is supposed she foundered off the Isle of France.

[2] The galley of flush-deck vessels stands on the lower-deck.

casioned by the cribbed and bunged-up condition of the brig below, but from the foul effluvia of the bilge-water, which, despite of every precaution, *will* issue from the pump-well of these contemptible craft.

In support of the foregoing assertions, an extract is here cited from the log of one of these '*superior* sea-boats,' whilst making a voyage from Spithead to Newfoundland, in company with the *Tamar* (28).

Extract from the Log of His Majesty's Sloop, Drake[1].

"A.M.—At six strong breezes and cloudy; wind S.E. *Tamar* bearing N.W. by W. 4 miles. At 8, wind increased to a strong gale: handed the fore-topsail, reefed the fore-sail, scudding with a heavy sea running; not having seen the *Tamar* since 6 o'clock.—At midnight strong gales.

[1] Subsequently lost on the coast of Newfoundland.

"*April 27th*, A.M.—Wind S.E.—At 2, blowing a tremendous gale of wind; took in the main-topsail—scudding until day-light. Finding it *dangerous scudding* any longer, took in the fore-sail, and brought-to with her head to the southward, and lightened ship of her *top*" (a strange phrase, by the by,) "as much as possible. —At noon, hard gales, with a high sea running —P.M. 1 h. 30 m.—Wind hauled to the N.E.— At midnight gale increased to a very high pitch, and several heavy seas struck the ship (brig).

"*April 28th*, A.M.—A very heavy sea struck the ship, and carried away the weather-hammock-rails and stanchions, stove in the *weather ports and part of the bulwark*.—It was found *absolutely* necessary to *lighten* her, which we commenced by *throwing* overboard the *lee-bower anchor* and the *six-pound long-gun, also a quantity of stores* we were taking to Newfoundland, and part of the *ship's stores and provisions*, which were on THE LOWER DECK.—At noon strong gales."

Now by the foregoing extract it will be seen

that this *safe* and efficient man-of-war was compelled to carry '*above hatches*' a proportion of the provisions necessary to victual a ship for the voyage, which, under ordinary circumstances, calculating for adverse winds, &c., seldom exceeds three weeks, or a month at most. Consequently, for want of room in her hold, her lower-deck, already too *low* and confined, was lumbered fore-and-aft with cumbrous *casks*, which, to 'lighten' the brig, and save her from foundering in the first gale of wind she encountered in crossing the Atlantic, was, together with 'the *lee-bower anchor* and *long six-pounder*' all *hove overboard*, and 'in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.'

It may be said that a vessel of a larger size might have been similarly situated; granted, but this argument will tell against the '*Tenny*.' The *Tamar* (28), a vessel, though herself comparatively a wretched man-of-war, apprehended nothing of that imminent peril which we are led to infer by the brig's log-book, the *Drake* expe-

rienced. Though the *Tamar*, in proportion to the size of the vessel, carried out a much greater quantity of stores than the *Drake*, yet the *frigate's* log-book is silent on the subject of being reduced to the alternative of 'cutting away anchors, or throwing overboard guns, stores, and provisions.'—And here it may be necessary to advert to the circumstance of the lumbered condition of the *Drake's* lower-deck, because, had the brig not shipped at Spithead, 'supernumerary stores' for Newfoundland, her 'tween-decks would have been equally encumbered with the *extra* quantity of provision-casks which she was compelled to carry '*above hatches*' for the voyage.

It may be urged that these vessels have distinguished themselves in battle. With the exception of the capture of the *Manly* Dutch gun-brig by the *Onyx*, which gallant achievement was chiefly attributable to the dexterous skill evinced on that occasion by the British commander, in manœuvering his vessel, the writer

is not aware of any instance in which a ten-gun-brig has captured her opponent in single combat. —It is true that the '*Tennys*' participated in the 'untoward event' of Navarino. In that affair, one of those vessels, commanded by a young nobleman, is represented as having *sunk* her adversary on the *first* broadside! But of what description was her adversary?—If we are correctly informed, a "miserable craft" fitted out as a fire-vessel, being in fact *fit* for nothing else, and which a line-of-battle-ship's launch might have sunk with equal facility.

With respect to the opinion advanced by Captain Pettman, that ten-gun brigs are '*very superior sea boats*,' and 'exceedingly well calculated for packets,' it is only necessary to observe, that two of them, which in 1827 sailed in that capacity for Falmouth, have never since been heard of. One of them was commanded by Lieutenant Jewry, of the Navy, an excellent seaman, and an officer who had been long accustomed to the management of that class of vessels.

Since the foregoing remarks originally appeared, much controversy has taken place on the subject of *naval architecture.* The soundest views of the matter seem to have been entertained by Mr. Henry Chatfield, of his Majesty's Dockyard, Plymouth; who says—

"The proceedings of the last few years have evinced a great desire, on the part of Government, to improve the system of naval construction in this country; and if we may judge from circumstances, it is not too much to assume that a similar feeling still continues in the higher departments. In other words, the imperfect state of the theory of English naval architecture has, for some time, been plainly seen and openly avowed."

If it were not so, how is it that so many projectors in naval science have been permitted to construct ships for the Royal Navy? Had it been with a view to settle some disputed points, or to discover some new facts, as a means of supplying additional data to principles already established, we might be wrong in assuming that

there has been a want of confidence in our theoretical resources; but the experiments that have been gone into, had nothing of this character about them. If particular objects had been sought after, there would have been a close conference, and an unreserved communication, between the whole of the constructors; first principles would have been acquiesced in, and consecutive deductions admitted, and all would have given their attention to the accomplishment of the same object—the *extension* of naval science. But how different was the fact! There was a competition of entire systems, and, consequently, a division of interests; and the termination, as might naturally be imagined, has ended in a very inconclusive triumph of individual merit, (on which opinions are very various) without developing a single novel truth.

Without venturing an opinion, or intending to offer the most remote insinuation, as to the relative merits of the constructions which have been put forth by modern competitors in ship-

building, it will be our endeavour to show that the *present habits of construction* are a sufficient reason why those productions could not be made extensively useful; and it is from a belief that this opinion may be fully substantiated—that the remedy is perfectly practicable—and that it will be found in the following remarks, that the discussion of the subject is now engaged in.

It is not necessary to the argument which it is proposed to adopt, to know whether Captain Hayes can build better ships than Captain Symonds, or whether Mr. Santé (the late eminent yacht-builder) has proved himself to be a superior constructor to either, or both of them: nor is it at all material to the question, whether the above projectors have, or have not, planned better vessels than those designed by the surveyors of the navy, and by Professor Inman. We will not, therefore, anxiously ask, how the ships have respectively behaved—for it would only operate to embarrass us in our decisions upon the general question. The more simple

way of proceeding will be to put a few direct interrogatories, like the following: viz.—What has *Science* been doing all this time?—Can we, with our present means, take the drawings of several ships, and point out, with any degree of confidence, their comparative excellencies or inferiorities?—Are we habituated to do so?—or, are we too conscious of the poverty of our own resources, to attempt it?

The best reply to these questions is the plain truth—that the ships belonging to the experimental squadrons did not undergo any kind of analysis, or comparison, of their peculiar properties; and the tendencies of their characteristic features were never scientifically discussed, after the same mode of reasoning that is invariably followed in matters of science generally. This is a tacit acknowledgment of our incompetency to make a critical comparison of ships' properties, upon understood principles; and the reason is, that we have not been accustomed to take up naval architecture as a branch of philo-

sophy, but have regarded it as an art involved in greater obscurity, and accompanied with more difficulties, than really belonged to it; and having thus neglected to analyze its principles, in a manner commensurate with the extent of the subject, we now find ourselves but imperfectly acquainted with a science, above all others important to the true interests of this country.

If the theory of construction be at all dependent on the principles of science, it is obvious that it never can be properly understood, unless it be taken up as a study to the extent to which science may be applied with advantage, to the purposes of ship-building. Individuals of talent and observation, untutored in first principles, may furnish valuable suggestions, and offer correct opinions, on certain points; but a few detached hints, however judicious those hints may be, cannot, we apprehend, be allowed, on reflection, to pass for a general knowledge of naval architecture; for it must be evident that the moment we lose sight of first principles, to trust

to isolated facts, we place naval architecture on a very speculative, and therefore on a very perilous, basis.

It was remarked in the third report of the commissioners of naval revision—'where we have built exactly after the form of the best of the French ships that we have taken, thus adding our dexterity in building to their knowledge in theory, the ships, it is generally allowed, have proved to be the best in our navy: but, whenever our builders have been so far misled by their little attainments in the science of naval architecture, as to depart from the model before them in any material degree, and attempt improvements, the true principles on which ships ought to be constructed being imperfectly known to them, have been mistaken or counteracted, and the alterations, according to the information given to us, have in many cases done harm.'

Occasional—nay, brilliant success, may, for a time, attend an incomplete method of design, but the *partial* application of principles will ever

be subject to disastrous consequences; and practices which are not founded on a sure and perfect method, must eventually be remodelled, as a case of expediency, and therefore as a thing of course: and, any observations which tend to show that, without a well-digested system, we shall always incur the risk of 'doing harm,' when we deviate largely from known good models, are borne out by experience and by reason.

Experience, undoubtedly, teaches many things which may never have been communicated in a tangible form to the fountain-head of construction; or which, having been communicated, have not been rightly taken advantage of. This only points out (without absolving) the necessity of putting all experimental knowledge in an available form, so that communications between the experimentalist and the theorist may be as perfect as possible.

But, to whom should we look for a definition of the kind of communication which it may be proper to establish between those who design

ships, and those who navigate them?—Shall it be to him who *makes use* of the information, or to him who *affords* it? We do not, for a moment, apprehend that any one will insist that no communication is necessary. If those who have devoted themselves to *first* principles were to reject the suggestions of the experimentalist, they would betray their ignorance in disavowing that naval philosophy is a mixed science: and it would be equally incorrect on the part of a practical seaman, to say—I am master of many *inductive* principles; I have seen ships of a vast variety of forms, and having habituated myself to notice, with particular attention, the peculiarities of their bodies—their mode of masting—their behaviour under canvass, &c., I have learnt so many useful facts, that I desire no other knowledge for the purposes of construction, than *experimental* philosophy.

Now the accidental circumstances which attend naval construction, are so very numerous, and of such a nature, that their effects are very

apt to mislead; and it is to be feared that much injury has accrued to the theory of ship-building, when the subject has been under discussion, from not having rejected those considerations which have nothing to do with the *permanent properties* of a ship's body. The quantity of sail a vessel carries—the proportions of the masts and yards, among themselves—the position and rake of the masts—a ship well or badly rigged—the cut of the sails—their trim—bad stowage—bad management, &c., severally affect a ship's behaviour, in no inconsiderable degree; consequently, nautical experiments, accompanied with all these intricacies, may just as well be said to decide the comparative effect of differences in any of these points, selected at pleasure, as to determine exclusively the relative merits of ships' *bottoms!*

Hence, it is so easy a thing for a good ship to behave badly, without our being able to assign the exact reasons, that when we make a comparison of the effects that arise from the complex

causes which affect a ship's behaviour at sea, it is often purely hypothetical to say to which of the causes the result is attributable.

The simplest experiments that can be made require that *some* conditions should be given, otherwise it is no experiment at all, in a scientific sense; but in the experimental ships, to which allusion has been here made, both the *moving forces* and the *bodies moved* were so extremely dissimilar, that it would be the very spirit of speculation to draw any specific inference, from what we know of their performance, as an accession to our knowledge of naval construction.

To lay the ground-work of an improved system of naval architecture, would be an elaborate undertaking, but it would also be a very important one; and the only way in which it could be accomplished, would be to take the task in hand with a determination to do that (with proper assistance) which it would be impossible to perform with our present resources, and which it

would be in vain for any *one* individual to attempt.

Our means are, at present, insufficient, for we have not an office of construction—that is, a public department in which provision is made for attending exclusively to scientific preliminaries; if we had, its immediate objects would be very nearly as follow:—

1. The first thing would be to obtain the *calculated* properties of the whole of our ships, commencing with those in actual service, so that we might turn to any ship on the list of the navy, and find her qualities properly described.

2. The position of the *centre of gravity*, of at least one ship of every class, should be determined by experiment, whenever it can be done without inconvenience to the service.

3. We should have tables of the *weights* of masts and yards, sails, cordage, guns, anchors, cables, ammunition, and every other article included in the equipment, so that their general effect, as

well as the effect of any proposed alterations, may be properly investigated.

4. Descriptive drawings of the *stowage* of ships are also necessary, to show the capacities of the holds, store-rooms, &c., and to estimate the effects of great weights by their known dispositions.

5. We ought to have accurate *plans of sails* (or rigging draughts,) to show the comparative powers of canvass, and to demonstrate the effect of any proposed alteration of spars.

6. The height of the *centre of effort* of the sails should be shown, also its position longitudinally.

These are the outlines of the leading objects of an office of construction; and tasks of such magnitude could only be achieved by the exclusive energies and attention of a plurality of persons.

7. To assist them in their labours, it would be desirable to form a professional *library*, and to take in such periodical works, English and

foreign, as immediately relate to naval affairs; for it is indispensable that individuals engaged in the advancement of naval science should prosecute the study of mathematics, have opportunities of research, and watch the progress of professional improvements.

8. The benefit of such a library might be extended to naval officers, and others, under the sanction of the Admiralty.

9. The instruction now given in nautical science, at the school of naval architecture, might be continued as heretofore; and the professor could be assisted in his lectures by members of the office of construction.

10. The instruction in the scientific branches of naval architecture hitherto given to the students during their course of study, might in future be afforded with increased advantages.

11. The transactions of an office so constituted would be carefully recorded, and its journalized proceedings regarded as public property; and all its documents should be so preserved,

that they could at any time be submitted to investigation.

12. A limited correspondence might be kept up with the whole of the naval establishments, with a view to collect, and ultimately to make a good arrangement of, every species of useful information.

13. The members of such an office might be called upon occasionally, to join in reports on any new plans, or improvements, which may be under consideration, and which may come within the character of their pursuits.

14. When the operations of the office become organized, part of its attention might be directed, with advantage perhaps, to the state of naval science and nautical economy in other countries [1].

[1] It will be recollected that M. Dupin, whose writings have produced a great sensation, not only in this, but in almost every other country, devoted himself for no less a period than *five years* to the three great sources of our national means—the Commercial, Military, and Naval Force of Great Britain. It has been remarked that "it was not his object to instruct us, but, from us, to instruct his country; to describe our institu-

15. *Experimental science*, to which we owe so much, and from which there is yet much to expect, would claim the attentive consideration of an office of construction; it would, therefore, be an object of great importance to *revise* the reports on ships' sailing qualities, so that they may be made available to scientific views."

tions and practices, and to point out to France what to follow." This was a very natural wish on the part of M. Dupin, in which he certainly succeeded; for, in an address to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, (1820) he acknowledges having gleaned many valuable hints from our dock-yards. Speaking of the School of Naval Architecture, Dupin expresses some surprise at an order which emanated from a Committee of the House of Commons, (1819) forbidding further instruction in *French* to the members of that establishment, to prevent them transferring their services to foreign powers; and then he observes, " Ce passage qui contraste si fort avec les vues généralement saines et genereuses des comités du parlement, merite d'etre cité et medité." The knowledge of a foreign tongue appears to have been of great service to M. Dupin, and it is not quite obvious why the French language may not some day be similarly instrumental in rendering useful services to this country; besides, the French abound in scientific works, and nothing would be so effective a check to improvement in naval science as not to be able to read them.

RECREATIONS IN RHYME.

THE LIEUTENANT'S LAMENT.

"War! war! no peace.—Peace is to me a war!"

King John.

As sure as a gun,
We shall all be undone,
If longer continue the peace;
A top we shan't know
From a futtock below,
Nor a block from a bucket of grease.

'Tis vain to apply,
Or in any way try,
For a berth or a 'barkey' in peace;

If young, we are told
We must yield to the old,—
'Till our prospects and cradles increase.

Then, are we in years?
Our 'age interferes'
With juniors appointed as *first*[1];'
Tho' still in our prime,
As if 'twere a crime
'*Long*-standing' is treated the worst.

Too green we're to-day,
To-morrow too grey,
Too long or too short on the list;
Excuse will be found,
To keep us 'a-ground,'
And keep us from grinding our grist.

Altho' we indite,
From morning to night,
Memorials for berths by the score;
Each answer's the same,
That is—'noted the name,'
Tho' noted for nought but a '*bore*.'

[1] First lieutenant.

Should plans we invent,
Be officially sent,
To the Board of '*Affectionate friends*'[1],'
The friends in affection
Reward with '*rejection*,'
And make us no other amends.

Each quarter we make
Affidavit, and take
Our oaths that we're out of employ;
That we leave in the lurch,
Ourselves and the Church,
Nor life, nor a '*living*' enjoy[2].

[1] When this Board had, as it often happened, to announce officially to an officer, that an 'impress had been put against his pay,' the members of it very charitably subscribed themselves his—'*affectionate friends.*'

[2] The form of the half-pay naval affidavit runs thus:—I do swear that I *am not in holy orders*, and that I had not, between the day of and the day of , any place or employment of *profit* whatsoever under His Majesty, nor in any department of His Majesty's service, nor in the colonies, or possessions of His Majesty beyond the seas, nor under any other government.

Sworn before me this day at ———

N.B.—The same form serves for the half-*paid* Admiral, or quarter *stipended* lieutenant.

To attest such a truth
Were folly forsooth,
'Twere better to *swear* to the fact
That—we can't live ashore,
That the duns at the door
Will make us 'bear-up' for the 'act.'

THE BOARDERS.

A GALLEY STAVE.

HURRAH! heave a-head—tumble up—tumble aft,
The Skipper 's intent on a fray—
He's long had his eye on the enemy's craft,
The brig in the bight o' the bay.

The ship's all alive—the ship's company crush
And crowd round the capsten on deck,
And all volunteer, in a regular rush,
To join in the *spree* and the *spec.*

" The craft," says the Skipper, " is worth cuttin'-out,
And so," says the Skipper, says he,
" Be sober, be silent, be steady and stout,
Attend ev'ry man unto me.

" Each man will 'ave sarv'd out a station in turn,
Confusion in fight to prevent,
So board on the quarter, the bow, or the stern,
You know on what bus'ness you're bent.

" There's Turner can handle a hatchet in style,
The cable he'll cut with a clip;
But *chain* should it be, a sledge-hammer and file
Will help to unshackle and *slip*.

" The jib, too, there's Jackson can loose in a crack,
And Warren can run to the wheel;
But *mind!* though your slaughter be seemin' to slack,
Slack nothin' in duty or zeal.

" To guard again' fellin' a friend for a foe,
You'll all wear the similar mark;
For many's the quick and unmerited blow
Has levell'd a lad in the dark.

" So round the right arm clap a piece o' white duck,
Your cutlasses carefully grind,
Secure in your belts see your pistols be stuck,
No boat leaves a grapnel behind.

" And now," says the Skipper, " I've never no more
To say,—but to *say* you'll succeed;
So down ev'ry man, now, and muffle his oar,
And ready get all that you need."

The boats are now mannin'—the moon's goin' down,
And messmates are shakin' a fist,
The pass-word is *Nelson*—that name o' renown,
That bows every name on the list.

Toss'd up are the oars, and *success* is the word,
And eager are all for the start;
" Shove-off," says the Skipper, "and bring-out your bird—
Be careful—don't company part."

Like pirates we pull, but with consciences clear,
For e'en should we *fail* or we fall,
There's never disgrace,—nor we've nothin' to fear,
But death from a pike or a ball.

Land-breezes spring up from the southernmost side,
The boats are fast closin' the port,
The foe is diskiver'd to *tend* to the tide,
The sentry heard hailin' the fort.

Then strike-out, my lads, in the cutter and barge,
The pinnace, *see*, boards on the bow;
The launch lags astern, she's heavy an' large,
But soon she'll be up for the row.

There!—slap goes the cable—and *up* goes the jib,
And *off* she pays round on her heel;
Our officer's *hit*,—"Only stuck in the rib,"
He cries, as he slashes his steel.

She's *all* our own—for'ard,—let's sally abaft,
The quarter-deck yet we've to gain;
What say ye, my sons?—with a will fore an' aft,
And show we don't rally in vain.

The cutlasses clash, and the blades on 'em fly,
And pistols flash full in the face,
But nothin' can stand us, so never say die!
Hurrah! an' we're gainin' apace.

They take to their fins, an' they take to their feet,
The enemy scamper around;
The taupsails quick loose—and quick home with 'em sheet,
'Twon't *do* for to get her aground.

The batteries *bang*—how they scatter the grape,
The forts appear fairly afire;
Should the *sticks* only stand,—and the stays but escape,
And *bang* they may blaze till they tire.

So port a-bit, bo,—keep the lights in a line,
Keep right in the strength o' the tide;
We've plenty o' water—she deepens to nine—
The shoal's on the opposite side.

And now, my sea-sons, for three *thundering* cheers,
For *short* fall the shot from the fort;
We draw-off the land, and the frigate we hear,
She'll soon tow the prize into port!

LEAVES OF THE PRIVATE LOG

OF

A CAPTAIN ON HALF PAY.

"I will make a prief of it in my note-book."

Shakspeare.

March 1*st.*—Returned to town from Brighton —Sick of Steyne, chain-pier and cockneys of the coast. *Three,* P.M.—Bore up for Club—found it filled—Whigs and Tories on opposite tacks—Rads laid up in 'Rotten-row'—Conduct of the 'tail' retailed. *Mem.*—Queer remarks on parliamentary 'pluck.'

March 2nd.—Horribly in the blues—Climate as fickle as the people—Wind as unsteady as statesmen—Pouring over morning papers—'Precarious state of Spain'—'War in Portugal'—'Miguel the monster'—'Fall of, usurper'—'Rise of funds'—'Rebels routed'—'Oppressed people'—'Ancient ally'—'Fallen foe'—'Legitimate means'—'Foreign force'—'Non-intervention'—'Strict neutrality'—'Letters from Lisbon'—'Strange reports of continental Queens'—'Constitutional cause'—'Lusitanian deliverer'—'*Liberating* army'—'Englishmen in chains'—'Cause of humanity.'

March 3rd.—Thick fog—Steered for Strand—Tried to weather agent—no go—Omnibuses boarding each other in the smoke—'Celerity' foul of 'Chancellor'—'Chancellor' aboard of 'Union'—'Union' foul of 'Reform'—'Reform' knocked to pieces—rotten in the perch—'*Tax*-carts' creeping to windward—'Favorite' lagging to leeward.

March 4th.—Wind at east—Hard weather—

Face of nature shrivelled up—Ditto, face divine —Physicians picking up fees—Undertakers in high feather. *Mem.*—Both trades thriving.—At two clapped on down-haul[1]—Started on a man-o'-war's cruise—Fell in with a full-feathered hearse—five mourning-coaches—and a long line of carriages 'flying light.'—N.B. Sable-squad brought up, all standing at turnpike-gate—Thought *dead* might repair to long home without paying for repair of pavement. *Mem.*—Toll of bell and toll of gate, double tax.

March 5th.—Received official damper in reply to application for employment—went to bed —slept it off.

March 6th.—Mud without, and misery within—Waded through parliamentary debates—*Query*, *Rhetoric* included in 'Bill of Reform?'—Stood into Arcade—Put into Truefit's managerie—thronged with customers. N.B.—Observed more hairy faces than heads of hair. *Query*—

[1] Surtout.

*Un*mounted men right to mount moustaches—Suggest tax to Chancellor of Exchequer—Returned home—Detected mother reading a romance, entitled '*First Affections.*' N.B.—Old woman in her sixty-third year—7. 30. P.M. went to Opera—took up a berth in the pit. N.B.—Not *horse* enough to take to a *stall:* heard ——— sing—voice evidently veiled—recommend her a Yankee '*fogmatic*'—Heard odd remarks about her build—Believe in England—a good singer, like a good sailor, must be 'clean in the run' and neat in the upper works. *Mem.*—Vestris to wit.

JACK IN PARLIAMENT:

DIALOGUE OF THE DECK.

"WELL, I doesn't see, Ned, why we 'Blue-jackets shouldn't have praters in Parlimint, just as well as the other trades as send up their reg'lar spouters. — Now, Ned, d'ye know, I doesn't think you'd make a bad fist yourself at a speech."

"Why, now, Sam, you puts the thing in my pate—I doesn't see why I hasn't as much right to be made a Member o' Parlimint as one

half the chaps as are sent there to prate on matters they knows nothin' about.

"We sartinly wants a chap or two there as 'oud 'ave pluck enough to floor that pratin' pothecary, an' the likes of he, as is always snarlin' about the seamen of the sarvus, and wantin' to cut-off their pay and prog.—Well, now, supposin', Ned, you happens to be made a *Member*—and there's more things more unlikely nor that—suppose, we'll say, you happens to be made Member for Billingsgate, what would be the first thing you'd do when you'd take up your berth in the House?"

"Why, Tom, that would depend on what they calls the question afore the House. Now it might so happen as they were on that eternal tack of taxes and *ties*[1].—Well, then, I'll tell ye what I'd do—and moreover tell ye what I'd tell any man as dared to touch on the pint."

"Now for it, Ned,—now let's hear how you'd work your Parlimint men."

[1] Tithes—pronounced *ties* by Jack.

"Well, you know, the first thing I'd do afore I shapes my course for the Spoutin'-shop, I'd make for the tap and freshen my nip,—for they say your Parlimint chaps can never do nothin' 'thout reg'larly layin' in their night's allowance. —Well, as soon as I takes in a tumbler or two, and stows my lickor away snug under hatches, I'd up with my helm, steer straight for the spoutin' anchorage, and take up a rakin'-berth close athawt hawse of the pratin' pothecary's bows—for he's the first fellow as should feel the force of a rakin' fire.—In course I'd keep fast my fire till both sides begins to open their ports, an' blaze an' bang away on the double score of *ties* and taxes;—then I'd get on my pins—for you see every chap as attempts to spout in Parlimint must take to his 'legs,' ay, and stiff as a church, for fear a fellow should be taken for a tailor.—Well, as soon as I gets on my pins, and clears my mouth o' my quid,—for ye may be sartin I'd sing out in what your Parlimint-men call a reg'lar-built laudable vice—a vice too, as

every man and member fore-an'-aft should never forget—well, as soon as I'd find myself standin' stiff in the step, I'd say,—'Gem'men,' says I, 'there's never no use in mincing the matter.—*I'm* not the man,' says I, thumpin' my fist on the table, to give, you know, full weight to my words—'*I'm* not the man,' says I, 'as *says* the one thing and *thinks* the t'other.'—Then they'd begin to kick up a noisy nitty, bellowin' out '*hear! hear!*' like a bunch o' new made bosons, till not a soul in the House could hear the sound o' sense.—'Gemmen,' says I, opening a broadside on both sides at once—for I doesn't see the diff'rence 'twixt friend or foe when people won't hearken to reason,—'Gemmen,' says I, 'I never wants none o' your *noise*—I wants the revarse—I wants you to larn to *listen*, and not to kick up a thunderin' hubbub as hinders all hands from hearin', with your pot-house pranks and bellowin' bursts of deafnin' '*hears.*'—Then they'll begin to mind their man—mend their manners a bit—an' seem to listen a little to sense:—so, in

course, as soon as I gets them under my thumb for a while, an' finds 'em all as steady an' silent as a well-keltered ship a-goin' into action, I then goes on again.—'Gemmen,' says I, 'you talks o' taxes, and you talks o' *ties*—now, Gemmen,' says I, 'I'm not a goin,' says I, 'to say a single syllable on the score o' taxes,—because you see,' says I, 'I never knows more o' the matter nor they as *made* 'em; but try me,' says I, 'on the tack o' *ties*, an' you'll find me,' says I, 'a match for the best barber as ever brought a wiry wig to a block;—*I'm* not like *some* men,' says I, '*I* never,' says I, 'talks on things I knows nothing about—I never,' says I, hullin' the pratin' pothecary with a reg'lar raker 'twixt wind an' water, 'I never sot up a Member for *Mischeef*—*I* never try to make sea-farin' folks discontented with their lot, or men-o'-wars-men detest the sarvus and desert their country.'—Then you'd hear, fore-an'-aft, a yelpin' cry of '*order! order!*'—'Gemmen,' says I, 'you may order as much as you please—but *I'm* never the

man as means to *obey* one o' your lubberly orders—an' moreover,' says I, 'I just thinks myself as *good* a man as the biggest big wig among ye.'—Then some o' your *sneerin'* chaps, as hav'n't the sense to talk, or the *teeth* to bite, will try all they can to make a man lose his temper, snarlin' out in a cur dog cry, '*Oh! oh!*'—as if a seafarin' man was to be fright'ned by the yelpin' cry of a barkin' cur.—'So, see here, Sir,' says I, lettin' fly a fierce look at the first fellow I catches comin' his snarling yelp—'See here, Sir,' says I, just showin' him the size of my starboard fist—'See here, Sir,' says I, 'if you comes your '*O's*' over me any more, I'm blest,' says I, 'but I'll soon make you mind your P's and Q's.'—Well, you know, as soon as I gets 'em again into mannerly kelter, I then tries back for a bend, and keeps on the tack o' ties.

"'Gemmen,' says I, '*I* 'members the time when ties were a British boast—when the finest sound as was heerd afloat—the most cheeringest cry as could rally a frigate or battle-ship's crew,

was the tuneful cry of '*Tie for tie, an' d——n all favours!*'—But, gemmen,' says I, 'that time o' *times* has long gone by; an' *long* ties, like long sarvusses,' says I, letting fly another leveller at the pratin' 'pothecary, 'have been both *cut off* to the downright ruination of the man, and the total destruction of the British navvy!'—Then you'd hear cheers on every side.—'Gemmen,' says I, "its no cheerin' matter.—I looks upon the dockin' o' ties to be as bad—aye, even worse northe *dockin'* o' pensions—natur never intended poor people to be clipped of their nat'ral parquisites. —Gemmen, since the time as we took to clippin' o' ties, seamen have gone to the dogs:—when ties were worn, whether doubled up in a bight, or laid out in a Sunday length, we then were the world's boast—a man *was* a man.'—Then you'd hear three thundering cheers, an' out from the house I'd fly, with flyin' colours to freshen my nip —for talkin's a thirsty thing, and a man *must* wet his whistle if he wants to work his words."

"Well, Ned—you comes back again?"

"I say, Ned—wouldn't you stop the fellow in the middle of his prate, and tell him like a man, it was a thund'ring thumper? If you wouldn't do *that*, you're not the man I takes ye to be."

"No, no, Sam, I'd let him go to the length of his tether—I'd let him go on a *crammin'* the House; for the fellow 'd 'ave face enough to tell four or five honoured gemmen that he had already received more nor a *million* of letters complain' o' the *cruelty o' the cat*—Well, I'd let him run on till I marks the moment to open my fire; then I'd pour such a peltin' broadside into the beggar's bows, I'd soon send the pester-an'-mortar-man staggrin' astern—'Now, Gemmen,' says I, 'you all hears the mischeef that there *mischevious* man is tryin' to make in these here horrid *mischeevious* times.—Now I tells the fellow fairly, face to face—an' I'm not the man as 'oud turn my back on the best Member among ye—but I tells the fellow fairly—an' I axes pardon o' the House'—for your big-wigs have never no objection to a bit o' blarney—'I axes,' says I, 'pardon of this here honourable House for callin' the

"In *course* I does, as soon as I takes my tipple.—Well, as soon as the praters see I'm more nor a match for 'em all—and that I floors 'm on the tack o' *ties*, in course, they'll broach some other bisness—or begin to boast of their Foreign relations. 'Gemmen,' says I, 'thank God,' says I, 'I've no *foreign* relations—there's none o' the *cross* o' *Crappo* in me.' —Then they'll bellow out, '*hear! hear!*'—'You may well sing out '*hear*,'' says I, 'for I tells you all.—I'm a reg'lar-built *bull*, ay, to the back bone.'—*Then* you'd hear '*cheers*' in earnest.—Then the snarler would try to give tongue on another score—an' get up his old tune of '*Floggin' afloat.*' In course he'll *say*—for the fellow 'ould swear thro' a nine-inch plank —in course he'll say enough to make all the lubberly members believe, as know no more o' the matter nor he does himself, that seamen detest men-o'-war; and, moreover, that seamen are *prest* in time o' *peace*[1]."

[1] Jack seems to have paid attention to the late Parliamentary debates.

fellow a *fellow.*'—Then they'll sing out '*Order!*' again—and then, says I, 'Gemmen, you knows it's never no use; I've made up my mind on the pint—I'm detarmined to do my duty—and not sit here like some *blue*-jackets as I could easily name—and let a man label his Majesty's sarvus for want o' tellin' the fellow a bit o' my mind, and bringin' him up with the round-turn.—Gemmen,' says I, 'that there man-o'-mischeef is not only tryin' to humbug this here honorable House, but he's tryin' as well to gammon the seamen o' the sarvus into a *sham-Abraham* belief that *he* is their *best* an' *only* friend!—Now, Gemmen,' says I, gettin' bold on the business—'Now,' says I, 'afore the Member for *Multiplication*' (for they say he's a devil of a fellow of figurs) 'afore the *multiplication*-man makes his motion to knock off both *pensions* and punishments, I'll bet him a wager of a week's grog, he can never produce out of his million o' letters a single syllable from a *thoro'-bred tar* touchin' the cruelty o' cat!' Then you'd hear such clap-

pin' o' hands, kickin' o' feet, an' such a reg'lar hubbub fore-an'-aft the House, that you'd fairly think the roof 'oud fall in. 'Now,' says I, 'Gemmen,' as soon as I brings 'em back to a proper sort o' quarter-deck silence—'Now, Gemmen,' says I, 'if you believes *me*—an' I'm sure by all your right honourable mugs—I axes your pardons—I mean by all your *beleevin'* faces—I'm sure you does—you'll now allow me to capsize the 'pothecary's potion—I axes his pardon—his motion, I mean—and send him and his *corporal's punishment* clean out o' the House in the hands o' the *Master-a'tarms.*' Then you'll hear cheers from stem to starn.—'Gemmen,' says I, 'I've no objection to *cheers*, but I doesn't like the way as you rig your *roarers*—Gemmen, your cheers are the cheers of a lubberly house—there's nothin' ship-shape about 'em—you doesn't sing-out together. Now when you wants to cheer, let only some right honourable member give me the wink, an' I'm the man as 'ill soon give you all the *word.*'—This, you know, I says, to set 'em

all in good-humour, afore I makes the motion I has in my mind.—'Gemmen,' says I, 'afore I makes a *move*,—that's afore I makes my motion —I must set some on ye right on the score o' the *cat*—Gemmen,' says I, 'no one says nothin' about it *afloat;* it's only a lubberly cry *ashore*.—Gemmen, I now moves—the mutinous Member for St. Giles's be put in the Report—the *Master-a'tarms* sent for—the bilboes brought up—and the prisoner clapt, both legs in limbo.'—What d'ye think o' that, Sam?—'Spell oh!'—The watch is out."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
GILBERT & RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

00047832

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016